

# The SKETCH



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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1899.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



MR. JOHN HARE AS PRINCE PEROVSKY IN "OURS," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGFIER, GLASGOW.



### "OURS," AT THE GLOBE.

There are admissions to be made grudgingly, and it is with reluctance that I confess I was more interested and entertained by the gowns and costumes in "Ours" than by the piece. No doubt, if the last act did



MR. HARE IN "OURS."

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

not stretch out the "long arm of coincidence" to an incredible distance, and if, too, the second were not burdened by the gravely artificial pathos of the leave-taking between Sir Alex and his wife, the play might still hold the stage on its merits; but we have gone a little too far for such outrageous stage conventions. At the moment, the ladies show a dreadful intention of reviving the ugly eel-skin "tied-back" skirts fashionable somewhat about twenty years ago, and have already gone half-way—the tying-back is replaced, I believe, by a new mode of cutting out—and the result was to render the more striking crinolines and balloon *jupes* of the angels of the 'sixties. Yet it must be said that, while the dresses were ugly in line, Miss Terry-Lewis looked charming in her white frocks, and Miss Coleman appeared dignified in her elaborate confections. Poor Miss Harvey, however, was quite crushed by the horrors of her first gown, but seemed very piquant afterwards. The men, apparently, were more flamboyant in dress at the date of the Crimean War than we are now, though there is noticeable to-day a tendency towards extravagance in some minutiae of the well-dressed man's toilette. However, no doubt, duty demands that one should drop the dress, drop even the colossal "busby and the stock," and come to the play and players under Mr. John Hare's management at the Globe. The play, which on its first production was more successful than "Caste"—people must have had a queer taste in plays in the year 1866—owes its life to one scene, said to have been suggested to Robertson, the author, by Millais' picture, "The Black Brunswicker." If you have ordinary human blood in your veins, you cannot sit unmoved during the scene which tells of the men going off to war and shows the women bidding farewell to them. The theatricality of the details may irritate, but the ideas brought into the mind indirectly, if not directly, are vastly moving. On the other hand, the Crimea pictures of war, despite the occasional boom of a very discreet cannon, the howling of a blizzard which seemed like a sand-blast, the comic business of the wound dressed with marmalade, the ointment for butter, the straw from a dirty floor for towels, the ready-made paste, and comic roly-poly, are not very effective, and suggest unsophisticated Adelphi drama.

One wishes to see Mr. John Hare in better parts than such as a Beau Farintosh or Prince Perovsky. In other hands the Prince would be nothing: it is marvellous that even Mr. Hare can make the part stand out and yet remain within the frame of the picture. By-the-bye, was the soft grey felt Tyrolean hat that he wears known in the early 'fifties? Miss May Harvey gave a really humorous performance as the very pert Miss Netly, and played up capitally to Mr. Fred Kerr, who, as Chalcot, has the best part in the play. I can remember many clever performances by Mr. Kerr, but none so full of character and agreeable individuality. Mr. Gilbert Hare in the part of Sir Alex seemed vastly older than his father, and, in fact, played very ably as the pig-headed, pathetic old warrior. Miss Terry-Lewis was very pleasing as the somewhat shadowy heroine. Certainly one should not ignore Mr. W. H. Day's acting in the part of the prolific Sergeant Jones.

Miss Daisy Stratton, who is a very young recruit to the great army of pantomime, is making rapid progress. She was engaged by Mr. Collins to play the small part of the Usher, and Miss Stratton gave such satisfaction that, when Miss Evelyn Hughes was taken ill quite suddenly, she was chosen to play the part at short notice. Here again Miss Stratton acquitted herself excellently, and there is little doubt that she will do well, and be one of the number of very young performers whose intelligent work adds so much to the popularity of the stage.

### "THE ONLY WAY," AT THE LYCEUM.

So excellent has been the work of Mr. Martin Harvey as actor that the playgoers, save, perhaps, those with strong views about the actor-manager, were delighted to find in him the tenant of the Lyceum for the intercalary season. It is pleasant to recall the fact that two of the latest performances of the young actor, his Pelléas in Maeterlinck's fascinating, much-abused play, and his picture of a gambler in Captain Marshall's interesting, able work, "The Broad Way," were among his best. In producing "The Only Way"—it is curious that we have seen lately "The Broad Way," "Grierson's Way," and "The Only Way"—the piece adapted by the Rev. Freeman Wills from Dickens' immensely popular novel, "A Tale of Two Cities," the new manager shows an anxiety, perhaps discreet, not to depart from the traditions of the theatre, so long conservative in its ideas that even its essay at modernity in "The Medicine Man" was proved to be only half-hearted. One cannot, however, deny the wisdom in not attempting any audacious novelty under the peculiar circumstances. Of the play presented on Thursday to a splendid audience at the Lyceum there is not very much to be said from a critical point of view. A little judicious cutting will render it an excellent specimen of adapted melodrama. The book could hardly be treated otherwise than as melodrama. Memory is too treacherous for me to attempt comparisons with "All for Her." It is sufficient to say that "The Only Way" presented in its four acts, and needless but effective prologue, the story of Sydney Carton and his superb self-sacrifice—the casuist might call it "suicide"—well enough to give sincere pleasure to the audience. The prologue, which shows the fight of St. Evremonde with the brother of the peasant girl whom he has wronged, and the arrest of Dr. Manette under a *lettre de cachet*, was, perhaps, the most successful portion of the work. Yet the two trials of Darnay, after he had been lured back by Defarges to Paris, the humours and horrors of the Revolutionary tribunal, the mad dances of the furies, and the powerful delivery by Mr. Harvey of Carton's appeal for Darnay's life, caused as much applause. Compression is needed in the fourth act. Carton is the interesting figure of the play, and one does not desire a long scene that shows the anguish of the somewhat uninteresting Lucy without advancing the play. Nor can the average human being get thrilled to the *n*-th time by repetition of the pathetic business of the departure of the prisoners from the Conciergerie to the tumbrels. Even at the first representation Mr. Martin Harvey's work undoubtedly was of real merit. It is better maybe by now, yet throughout there was a sense of character, a touch of poetry, a suggestion of power which proved of the greatest value to the play. Whatever may be the fate of the present production, it has had at least



MR. MARTIN HARVEY AS SYDNEY CARTON.

Photo by Holloway, Cheltenham.

the desirable result of advancing the reputation of this popular actor. Mr. Ben Webster gave a pleasant note of light comedy to the gloomy scene of the Conciergerie. Miss de Silva, in the part of Mimi, delighted the audience; nor should I pass unmentioned the excellent performance of Mr. Acton Bond, Miss Grace Warner, and Mr. Everill.

E. F. S.

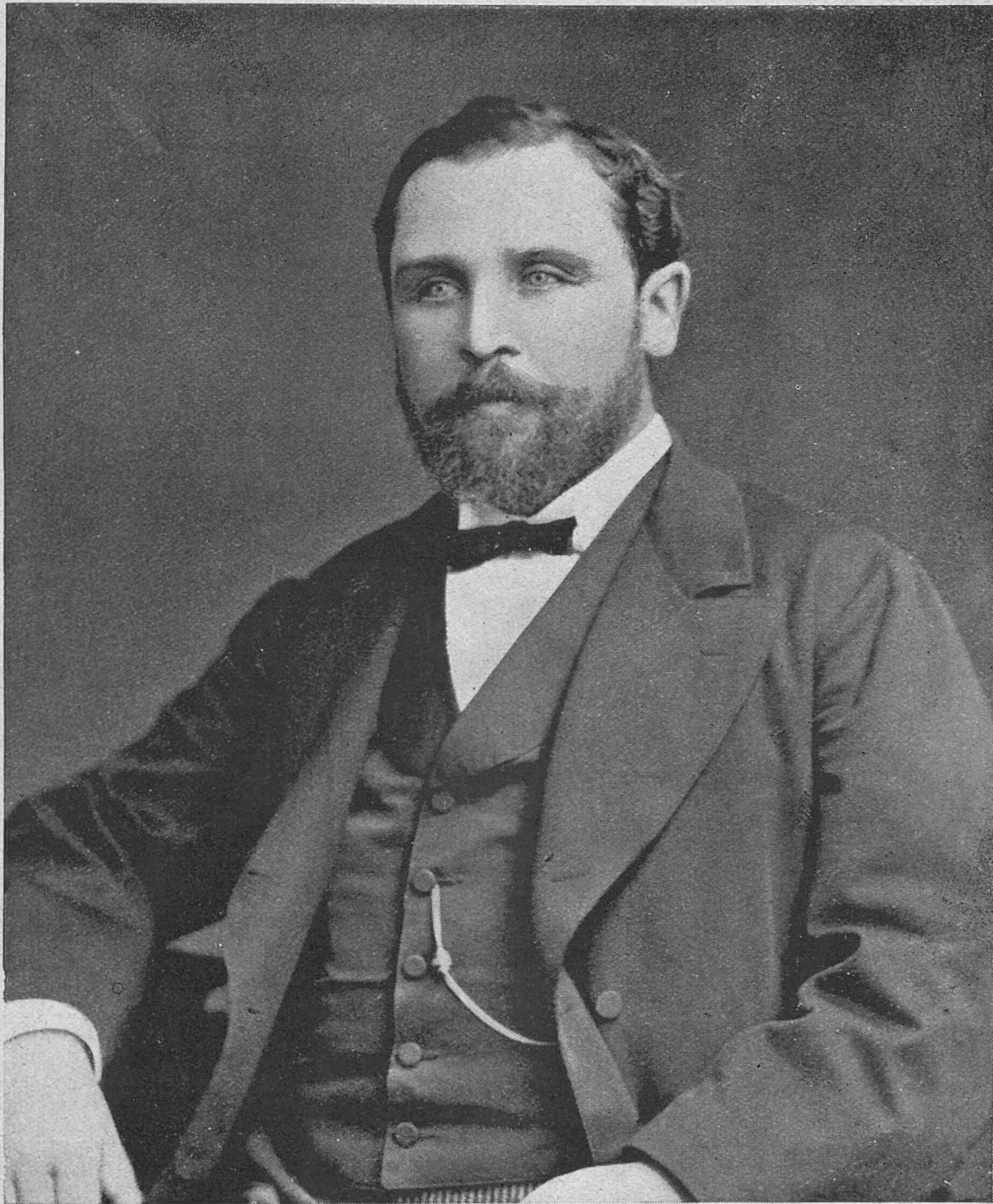


## THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

M. LOUBET STANDS FOR THE PERMANENCE OF EXISTING INSTITUTIONS, AND WILL HAVE THE GOODWILL OF ALL LOVERS OF LIBERTY THE WIDE WORLD OVER.

At ten o'clock on Thursday night, Félix Faure, President of the French Republic, passed suddenly away. By four o'clock on Saturday, François Emile Loubet was set up in his stead, polling 483 votes against the 279 votes given for M. Méline, and by half-past five he was in possession at the Elysée. The whole affair is characteristic of the swiftness of the French, and was carried out amid a certain noisy show of opposition, which demonstrates that M. Loubet is a strong man who must be reckoned with. Under his guidance, France seems likely to conquer

mandate in 1892, and showed himself a man of mark in dealing with the terrible Carmaux strikes. Since then he has been a man to watch. He became President of the Upper House in 1895, to be re-elected this year. M. Loubet is married to the daughter of a Montélimar ironmonger. He has two sons and a daughter. One son, M. Paul-Loubet, who is five-and-twenty, acts as his father's secretary. The other boy is only five. The daughter is the wife of M. Soubeyran de Saint Prix, Judge of the Marseilles Court. The Loubets have no out-of-door amusements, unless the promenade



[Photo by E. Appert, Paris.]

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, M. FRANÇOIS ÉMILE LOUBET.

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the tyranny of the clerical, monarchical, and military agitators who have formed the League of the French Fatherland. Its creed is a series of negatives—anti-Semite, anti-Dreyfus, anti-Republican—in short, anti everything that makes for the progress of our great Neighbours. France will, however, now become constructive again.

M. Loubet was born on Dec. 31, 1838, at Marsanne, in the Arrondissement of Montélimar, in the Department of the Drôme, between Lyons and Marseilles. He is a man of the soil, for his father was a grape-grower. He began his career at the Bar, and was elected Mayor for Montélimar in 1870. Six years later he was sent up to the Chamber to sit on the Republican Left, and made his début as a Cabinet Minister in 1887, when he became Minister of Public Works. A great friend of poor Carnot, he formed a Cabinet under his

on Sunday. M. Loubet and his wife went back to the Drôme last autumn for their holidays. M. Loubet wanted to see his aged mother. He returned refreshed and happy. He had found the old lady as active as ever. She would not suffer anyone to help her in her accustomed tasks, one of which was to bake the bread consumed by her household, and was on foot at five in the morning to see that the poultry had their food. M. Loubet gave his friends this homely sketch of his mother's daily life. She is eighty-six. The new President intends to banish the Protocol from the Elysée, unless when he receives royal personages and official visits. The election of M. Loubet augurs well for the future of France, which one and all of us must wish to see settled on a much more stable basis than at present. That must come, for, with her wonderful recuperative power, France manages to do the right thing in the long run.





FÉLIX FAURE, THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.



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## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.



MR. HENRY LOWENFELD, OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Society has been immensely interested recently in weddings and the rumour of alliances. On Saturday, the 11th, no fewer than three weddings were celebrated. Miss Agnes Peel, second daughter of Lord Peel, was married to Mr. Charles Sidney Goldman, at St. Swithin's Church, which is near "The Lodge," Lord Peel's "place"—why is a peer's house always called a "place"?—in Bedfordshire. The pair are now honeymooning in Egypt. Mr. Goschen's niece, Miss Mabel Goschen, was married at St. Mary's Church, Croydon, to Mr. Gerard Cobb. On Friday everybody learned that Lady Peggy Primrose, the second daughter of Lord Rosebery, is to marry the Earl of Crewe. Lady Peggy, who is eighteen, is the same age as her future husband's eldest daughter.

Then the society which has not a big "S" has been intensely interested in the incident which occurred at the Prince of Wales's Theatre at the initial production of "The Coquette." Mr. Lowenfeld, the manager of the Prince of Wales's, is a very clever man. He is a Pole by birth, he has interests in a stockbroker's business, he owns Kop's Ale, he is a magnate in the Isle of Wight, and he runs the Prince of Wales's Theatre with great pluck. Thus, when the gods showed a disposition to flout his efforts to amuse them with "The Coquette," he harangued those "gods," and these divinities that would fain shape the ends of managers were only the more indignant. But I can't believe that there is a paid claque sent out to ruin plays. Mr. Lowenfeld allows that there is a claque which comes

to praise; but, then, its praise is oftentimes injudicious, and the house which pays gets irritated. Isn't that the likeliest explanation of the whole incident?

Literary members of the House of Commons have not always been successful as speakers. True, there have been some who distinguished themselves, notably Macaulay and Bulwer-Lytton. On the other hand, Sir George Lewis and John Stuart Mill, however much they might have satisfied the intellect, failed to please the ear. Kinglake was a failure in Parliament, and, to go farther back to a greater man, it stands to the discredit of the House of Commons that Burke served as a dinner-bell. In our own day the literary members have shown that they could speak as well as write. Professor Jebb has a charm of his own, and Mr. Lecky, in spite of a manner which would make an ordinary member ridiculous, never fails to interest the House. Even Mr. Justin McCarthy, although his speeches were too much in the form of essays or leading articles, gave a pleasant flavour to political controversy, and it was the literary feeling in Sir George Trevelyan's orations which saved them from commonplaceness. Mr. John Morley challenges criticism not only as a *littérateur*, but as a man of affairs, and, whatever his opponents may say about his politics, there is only one opinion as to the form of his speeches. He may not be a first-rate debater, but he touches no subject without adorning it by bright, vivid phrases and by ideas which shine in contrast with the commonplaces of the pure politician.

In the same way, there is nothing more refreshing to members tired of the artificialities and banalities of debate than a speech by Mr. Birrell. So far, Mr. Birrell is the only Parliamentarian who has grown in reputation during the present Session. In two speeches delivered last week he showed debating power of which he never previously gave evidence. Mr. Birrell is by no means a dilettante. He takes Parliament as seriously as a professional politician, and is more regular in attendance than the Society man who has nothing else to do. But he does not look at the questions at issue with the single eye of the politician. He brings to them a fresh, original mind, stored with quaint thoughts gathered from sources beyond the ken of his colleagues, and these thoughts he expresses in bright phrases, with an Elia-like turn and with a humour of his own. The House cannot hear Mr. Birrell too often. Its appreciation of the literary man has risen since the days of Burke.

Hon. Miss Peel.

Lord Peel.

Hon. Seymour Ormsby-Gore.



Master Douglas Anstruther.

Hon. Mrs. Goldman. Miss Dugdale.

Mr. Goldman.

THE WEDDING OF VISCOUNT PEEL'S DAUGHTER TO MR. CHARLES SIDNEY GOLDMAN.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



Special services were held in the Church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, to celebrate the anniversary of its restoration. About £3000 is still required to pay off the expense which has been already incurred, and a good deal more of the work remains to be accomplished. The existing church was built towards the end of the thirteenth century, and among those who contributed largely to the cost was the poet Gower, who was afterwards buried there and whose tomb is still to be seen. Poets are not generally in the enjoyment of large means, and there is a curious epigram explanatory of Gower's success, which runs as follows—

This Church was rebuilt by John Gower, the rhymer,  
Who in Richard's gay Court was a fortunate climber;  
Should anyone start, 'tis but right he should know it,  
Our wight was a lawyer as well as a poet.

It is possible that its proximity to Bankside, where the Globe and other theatres were situated, accounts for the fact that several of the playwrights and players of Shakspeare's time have here their final resting-place. Edmund Shakspeare, the youngest brother of the great poet, was buried here, and is entered in the register as a "player." Fletcher, the partner of Beaumont, and Philip Massinger were also laid within the walls.

The Church of St. Saviour's has been the scene of magnificent weddings, as well as of quiet and obscure funerals. There was married, in 1406, Edmund Holland, Earl of Kent, grandson of the "Fair Maid of Kent," the wife of the Black Prince, to Lucia, eldest daughter of the Lord of Milan. Henry IV. himself gave away the bride and presided at the marriage banquet at the neighbouring palace of Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, and, not many years later, a royal marriage was celebrated in the church—that of James I. of Scotland with Joan Beaufort, the lovely daughter of the Earl of Somerset, with whom he had become enamoured during his imprisonment in England, and whom he described as—

The fairest and the freshest yonge flower  
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour.

I have just received a specimen of the stamps used by a private firm at Wei-Hai-Wei, which, though not issued by Government, may interest some of my readers. The stamp costs two cents (a halfpenny), and will pay for a one-ounce letter to be carried by a Chinese courier from Wei-Hai-Wei



A WEI-HAI-WEI  
STAMP.

to Chefoo, where they catch the mail for England. This arrangement began in December, so the stamps at present are rather crude, but more up-to-date ones are now being made at Hong-Kong. The couriers leave Wei-Hai-Wei twice a-week now, while previously they were despatched only once a fortnight. The distance to Chefoo is about forty miles, through very rough country. The English sailors are having a good time in the East, and send me many pictures. I reproduce one of the Great Wall.

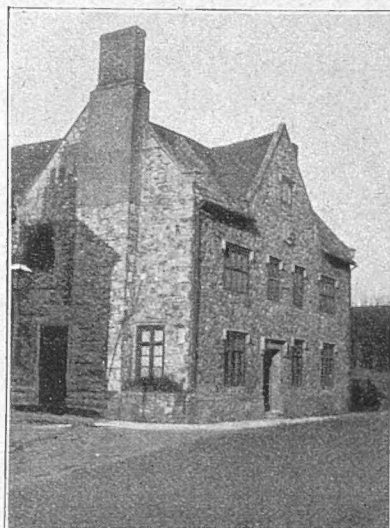
According to Colonel Lewis, of the Royal Engineers, who has been on a tour of inspection there, Wei-Hai-Wei is a splendid territory, but wholly undeveloped, except in agriculture and fishing, to which the inhabitants devote all their energies. However, he thinks the new station will become not only healthy, but highly popular, for the food generally is fair, pheasants, partridges, hares, and wild duck are waiting to be shot, and the bay is "made for yachting," all that is required being a place where a yacht can be put up during winter. As the climate varies from 96 degrees to zero, intending emigrants should take a plentiful supply of clothes. All this is very satisfactory, but does not seem to be quite what was wanted. Was Wei-Hai-Wei acquired as a sporting and yachting station? At any rate, Port Arthur was not.

Whether or not Mr. C. M. Douglas is successful in securing this week a majority of the suffrages of the electors of West Lanarkshire, no one will deny that he has made a gallant fight to retain that constituency in the Liberal interest. Mr. Douglas is a son of a well-known retired Edinburgh physician, Dr. Halliday Douglas, and is thirty-four years of age. Though his present venture into the field of politics is his first serious effort in that direction, as a student at Edinburgh he was a prominent member of the University Liberal Association, and declined a proffered chairmanship in order, it has been asserted, to avoid sectional differences. For some time Dr. Douglas was Assistant Professor in the Moral Philosophy Class in Edinburgh University; on Professor Calderwood's death, he became a candidate for the vacant chair, and, though he failed to secure the appointment, he received only one vote fewer than Professor Seth, who now fills the post. Dr. Douglas, who married not long since a lady of wealth, is the author of treatises on the Ethics and Philosophy of John Stuart Mill.

According to Sir G. T. M. O'Brien, the Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, the Pitcairn Islanders are in a bad way—are, in fact, slipping away from civilisation and lapsing into imbecility and crime. The romantic incidents of the mutiny of H.M.S. *Bounty*, which occurred something more than a century ago—the facts are probably well known to the general public—were set forth in most attractive form only last year by Mr. Louis Beeke and Mr. Walter Jeffery in their picturesque story, "The Mutineer." There is some suggestion of the islanders emigrating to Norfolk Island. If this plan were adopted, it would not be altogether a new departure, for, many years ago, when Norfolk Island ceased to be a convict establishment,

the Pitcairn Islanders were allowed to move there, but they returned to their original home, by their own desire, in two batches—the first in 1859, the second in 1864.

Twenty years ago Admiral de Horsey visited the settlement, and made a favourable report. A grandson of Fletcher Christian was then alive, and the community were stated



CHARLES I. HELD HIS COURT HERE.

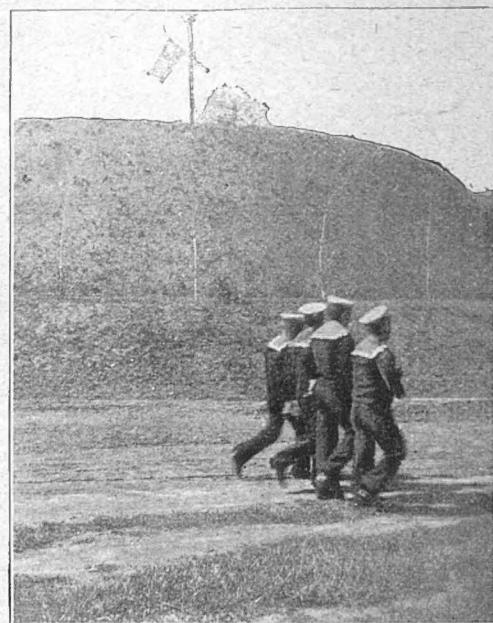
to be "healthy, moral, and religious," and no case of crime—and profane language is classed among criminal acts—had been reported for many years. They were practically vegetarians, and a drunkard was unknown. In Admiral de Horsey's opinion, they were in 1879 "a respectable, industrious, religious, happy, and contented people, who preferred the primitive simplicity of their native island." It is deplorable to learn of their falling away from this admirable standard.

Of the thousands of visitors who pass through Newport on their way to the neighbouring famous ruin of Carisbrooke Castle—the scene of the imprisonment and attempted escape of King Charles I.—few devote

any time to an inspection of the ancient metropolis of the Isle of Wight itself. Yet there are many interesting associations connecting it with the unfortunate monarch, and the picturesque old Jacobean Grammar School is still standing in which he held his Court during the abortive negotiations with the Parliamentary Commissioners, who sat at the old Town Hall (now rebuilt). The school was founded by Chief Justice Fleming, who was a native of Newport. The royal apartments were in the quaintly gabled front, facing the street leading to Cowes, and the schoolroom was used as the King's Presence Chamber. His Majesty's letters and documents were dated "from our Court at Newport," and he was allowed a certain amount of freedom on parole; but he was eventually arrested at the school, and from thence conveyed, a prisoner, to Hurst Castle on the mainland.

The new Salle de Jeu to which reference was made recently has now been opened at the Casino in Monte Carlo. It is in the old reading-room, and opens at five o'clock in the afternoon. There is some uncertainty as to the hours of closing; perhaps the bank will play the punters out. Contrary to rumour, there will be no baccarat; *trente-et-quarante* and *roulette* will be the sole attractions; but the rates of play will be raised and the admission will be strictly regulated. You must either be known to the Administration, the member of some well-known club, or show a record of a month's attendance in the ordinary Salles de Jeu, to which, by the way, several tables have been lately added. The other attractions to the heavily playing fraternity include the establishment of a bar and the exclusion of the fair sex. Permission to smoke has also been accorded.

A friend whom good - fortune has taken to Cairo for the season writes to tell me of the curious occurrence that accompanied the arrival of the great Mohammedan Fast of Ramadan a few weeks ago. The pious Moslem starts to afflict himself when the new moon appears. While awaiting the exact moment, the Grand Kadi holds a big reception, and men are sent to the highest minarets of the mosques to announce the appearance of the moon and commencement of the fast. This year the new moon was first seen from Assiout, and the news was sent to Cairo over the telegraph-wires. Thereupon the fast was inaugurated by the beating of drums, the firing of salutes from the Citadel, and the despatch of further telegrams all over the country to announce the tidings. It is very curious that so conservative a faith as Mohammedanism should accept the good services of a modern invention like electricity.



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA AT NINZHAI.

Photo by Mr. Stewart Hutton, H.M.S. "Hermione."



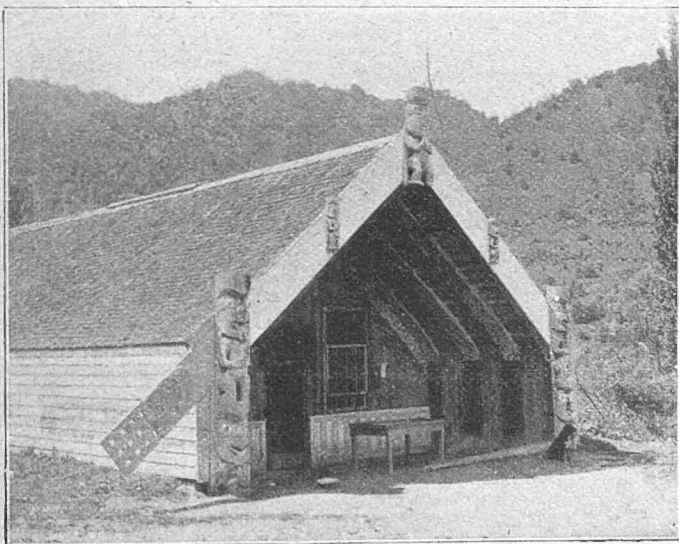
Another relic of old London—namely, the Almshouses of the Ironmongers' Company in "the" Kingsland Road—is doomed. The Shoreditch Vestry want the house and its pretty garden for an electric-lighting station. The iconoclastic Vestry is prepared, if necessary, to pay the market value of the land, but calls upon the Company to make a



THE CHARMING ALMSHOUSES OF THE IRONMONGERS' COMPANY ARE THREATENED BY VESTRY VANDALISM.

concession in the price, and at the same time declares that, under a statute of George III., it has compulsory powers of purchase for "public improvements." The site was purchased in 1712, in accordance with the will of Sir Robert Geffery, one of the Company's Masters. There are now forty-six inmates—"old ladies" (if I may still use the term), about half of whom are "free of the Company." They all receive a small pension out of the Trust and the Company's general funds, together with coal, light, and doctoring. They do their own marketing, and have perfect freedom to visit their own friends or to receive them. Two years ago the Company spent £1200 on a new drainage. Sir Robert and Lady Geffery, the founders, lie buried in one corner of the grounds, side by side with Thomas Betton, who, having been once enslaved by the pirates of Algiers, left a large trust to the Company for the redemption of British slaves in Turkey and Barbary. The money is now applied to the redemption of boys and girls from ignorance by schools in various parts of the kingdom. A statue of Sir Robert as Lord Mayor, with an enormous sword, stands over the chapel door, together with the old Arms of the Company supported by salamanders.

Jerusalem and the East have been much before the public lately, on account of the Kaiser's visit. It may not be generally known that there is another city of the same name in the Antipodes. The Wanganui River Maoris rejoice in high-sounding names for their *pabs* (villages) on the river-bank. Besides Jerusalem, Athens may be visited, as well as Galatea, Corinth, and London. The principal building at the latter place is the Ranunga House, where the chiefs meet and discuss matters



RANUNGA HOUSE, WANGANUI RIVER, NEW ZEALAND.

Photo by Walter Burke, Christchurch, New Zealand.

affecting their people. At Corinth (Koroniti) there is also a very fine specimen of a carved house in the best style of the ancient Maori, which is, unfortunately, becoming a lost art.

It is somewhat curious that while reference was made, in connection with the eightieth birthday of Mr. Ruskin, to his best-known works,

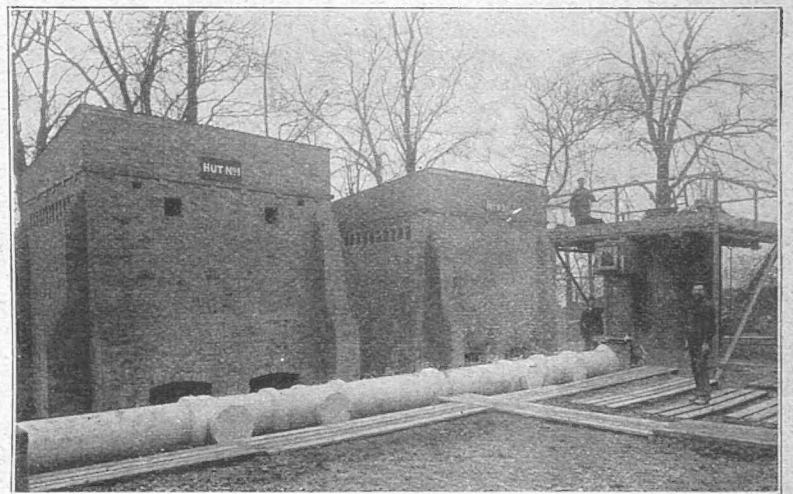
attention was in no quarter directed to a juvenile contribution of the master's, written while resident with his parents at Heine Hill and a day-pupil of Mr. Thomas Dale's school in Grove Lane, Camberwell. Now that signs are not wanting that Byron, whose influence, according to a supreme authority, even in 1814, was singular beyond that of all predecessors and successors in the wideness of its range, is anew awakening interest, the early and characteristically expressed thoughts of the youthful Ruskin concerning the poet are not inappropriate—

We do not hesitate to affirm [he asserts in his "Essay on Literature," written in his sixteenth year] that, with the sole exception of Shakspeare, Byron was the greatest poet that ever lived, because he was, perhaps, the most miserable man. . . . We might challenge every lyric poet that ever existed to produce such a piece of lyric poetry as the

Long, low island song  
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.

. . . In every branch of poetry he is super-eminent; there is no heart whose peculiar tone of feeling he does not touch. We have not words mighty enough to express our astonishment—our admiration. Tell us not that such writing is immoral; we know, for we have felt, what a light of illimitable loveliness, what a sickness of hushed awe, what a fire of resistless inspiration, what a glory of expansive mind fills the heart and soul as we listen to the swell of such numbers.

The recent great fire in the Minories reminds us unpleasantly of our ignorance in the matter of so-called "fire-proof" building. In fact, we have nothing to go by save what the "fire-proofing" trade tells us or shows us at exhibition tests which are obviously arranged for the exploitation of their own wares. The late fires at Cripplegate, Glasgow, and Sunderland speak all too forcibly of our want of knowledge on this important subject. This, however, is now to be changed by the British Fire Prevention Committee, which has been so successfully inaugurated by that energetic and clever architect, Mr. Edwin O. Sachs, whose brilliant association with subjects theatrical is so well known. Mr. Sachs has arranged a special testing station near Regent's Park for the Committee, and the first official test was made last Wednesday, the



A FIRE-TESTING STATION.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

installation having been previously and satisfactorily rehearsed. Reliable data as to the exact fire-resistance of the various materials, systems of construction, and building appliances, will thus be available, the tests being arranged on strictly scientific lines. The records, for the most part, are taken automatically, or by photography, and the high temperatures are obtained by gas. The Committee formed by Mr. Sachs—under whose direction great improvements will be effected on the stage and in the auditorium for the forthcoming season at Covent Garden—has a most influential Council, which already includes five hundred architects and engineers. The accompanying photograph shows some of the chambers for testing floors and ceilings.

I am glad to see that the Midland Railway Company are making great improvements in their refreshment-rooms at Birmingham, Bradford, Chesterfield, Cromer, and innumerable other places. They are instituting a scheme by which special tables are reserved for ladies' afternoon-tea. At the Leeds First-Class Refreshment-Room they are making several new departures. I have always thought that we were rather behind Germany in this particular, but the Midland Railway has determined not to be behind any country.

The following story comes from Mr. E. V. Lucas's interesting Literary Gossip in the *Globe*. I cannot resist the temptation to reproduce it here—

Bookselling is agreed to be becoming less and less good business. Perhaps the bitterest evidence of its deterioration was an incident which occurred a few days ago in one of the best-known of London book-shops. With every circumstance of dignity, an old lady was helped from her carriage. The footman hastened to the door of the shop, and she passed majestically in, and was shown into a chair by the principal assistant, a man steeped in the lore of books, prepared, at a moment's notice, to advise a course of reading in any line whatsoever. The old lady settled herself in comfort, arranged her founcees, glanced round the teeming shelves, and asked sweetly, "Do you keep pink ham-frills?"

It is not at all difficult for me to recognise the shop, which is only a minute or two's walk from Piccadilly.



The first of a series of Friday Organ Recitals, instituted with the object of providing good music free to business-men and their employés during the luncheon hour, was given on Feb. 17 in St. Clement Danes. There was a numerous audience, presided over by the Rector, the Rev.

**St. Clement Danes.**  
J. J. H. SEPTIMUS PENNINGTON, M.A., RECTOR.

**ORGAN RECITAL,**  
Friday, February 17, 1899,  
From 1 p.m. to 2 p.m.,  
BY  
**Mr. WALTER HEDGECOCK**  
(Organist of the Crystal Palace and St. Agnes, Kensington Park, S.E.)  
Vocalist - Mrs. HARVEY THOMAS.

Festival March	W. T. Best
Bénédictio Nuptiale	Saint-Saëns
Song	"O Divine Redeemer" Gounod
Concert Overture in D	Kierulff
Suite Gothique	
1. Introduction-Chorale	3. Prière
2. Minuet Gothique	4. Toccata
Song	"La Berceuse des Anges" Lecocq
Peasants' Song from Symphony, "The Swedish Wedding" (a)	Goldmark
Réverie du Soir from "Suite Algérienne" (b)	Saint-Saëns
Song	"Jerusalem" Gounod
Paraphrase on the Introduction to Third Act and Pilgrims' Chorus, of Wagner's "Tannhäuser"	Dubois

NEXT RECITAL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1899.

Septimus Pennington, to hear the playing of Mr. Walter Hedgecock, organist of the Crystal Palace, and the singing of Mrs. Harvey Thomas. To the programme, which I reproduce on this page, Mrs. Harvey Thomas contributed three numbers. Her rendering of Gounod's "O Divine Redeemer" was finely effective, and she gave Lecocq's "La Berceuse des Anges" with appropriate tenderness. Mr. Hedgecock displayed his usual skill on the organ. A collection was taken for the Johnson memorial window.

If the Regular regiments have felt aggrieved by the prominence given to Highland regiments, what must the Volunteers feel? In the competitions of the "Field Practice Association for Yeomanry and Volunteers," in which 961 sections competed, the "Thin

Red Line"—otherwise the 1st Sutherland Highland Volunteers—took all the principal prizes, the D Company winning the National Rifle Association Challenge Cup and bronze badges, the F Company the Elkington Challenge Shield and £30, the D Company the Lord Mayor Davies' Challenge Cup and £30, while the City of London Challenge Cup, for the regiment whose twenty teams made the highest aggregate, was carried off by the same battalion. Probably the greater facilities the Sutherlands have in the matter of shooting-ranges explains their success; but, even so, this is only a potent argument for the providing of proper ranges for all Volunteer regiments.

Although the Cavalry Dépôt is to be re-established at Canterbury on May 1, it is understood that the authorities intend still to enlist recruits for the Corps of Dragoons, Lancers, and Hussars, and to draft them as required to regiments on foreign service. At the same time, it is announced that every endeavour will be made to meet the wishes of the Tommies where "they can establish any distinct claim to do duty with a particular corps." What is held to be a "distinct claim" is not stated, and, even when Tommy fancies he has discovered one, it will be in the discretion of the authorities to admit it or not. If Tommy enlists in his eighteenth or nineteenth year, this may constitute a "distinct claim" to join the 18th or 19th Hussars; but, suppose he wishes to join the 7th, the obvious answer will be that he is "more than seven." However, should his birthday fall on the seventh, that may possibly give him a "distinct claim."

The "A" Squadron of the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry gave a very successful and largely attended smoking-concert in the banqueting-room at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening last week,

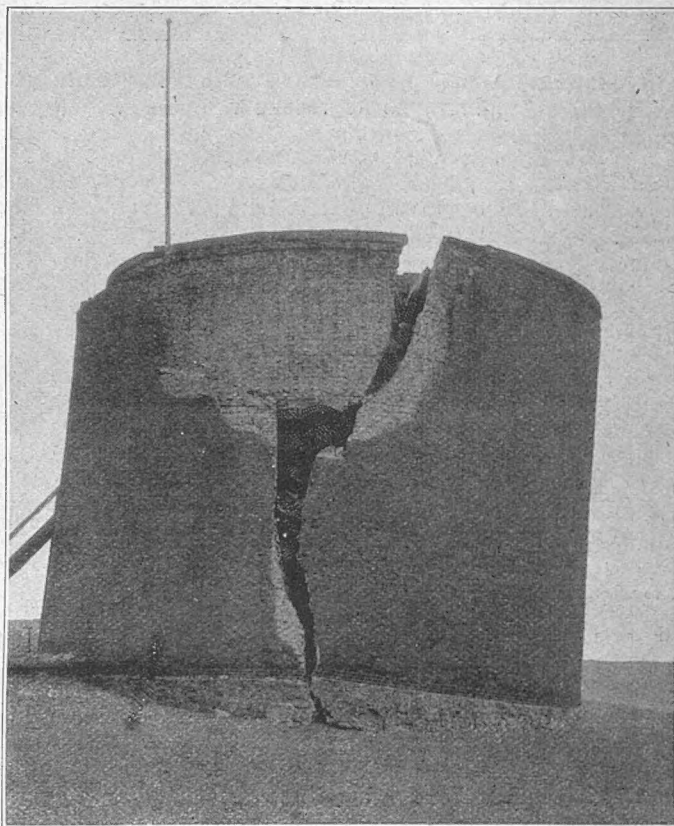
under the presidency of Captain William Duncan, Squadron Commander. The chairman was supported by Major-General A. E. Turner, C.B., Colonels Beckett, C.B., Kenyon Mitford, Bowen, Ingram, Whetherley, and Captains Colvin, Rose, and Gastrell. On these occasions the "A" Squadron keeps open house, for they serve to make known to the public the existence of this very efficient regiment. I take this opportunity of correcting a few wrongful impressions which have got abroad, notably as to the cost of belonging to this regiment. It has been stated in the papers that it is a very expensive matter to join this regiment, a statement which is altogether erroneous. It is true that it is perhaps rather more expensive than many of the country

Yeomanry regiments, but it should not cost anyone more than £20 a-year, and, to those who have suitable horses of their own, even less. The regiment just now is in an exceedingly prosperous state, being practically up to its full strength, but, owing to members retiring,

vacancies from time to time occur, and the Commanding Officer is glad to welcome any gentlemen who have a love for horsemanship and want to join. The times of drills are all carefully arranged so as to make the least possible inroads upon the time of business-men. This branch of the cavalry is the only reserve of cavalry that the country possesses, and therefore well deserves the support of those who are in a position to join. Full particulars may be obtained from Squadron Sergeant-Major Scott Miller, Belfairs, Grove Park Gardens, Chiswick; or the Hon. Sec., Trooper C. W. Blackman, 102, Priory Road, West Hampstead, N.W.

If Napoleon were to land at Hythe to-day, he would find that at least one of the martello-towers which were erected by our terrified forefathers to impede his progress would not longer stand seriously in his way. Stoutly built though they are (from eight to twelve feet thick on the seaward side), No. 17, which stands at Hythe, was bombarded by the recent gale so effectually that, as you will observe from the picture, it cracked from top to bottom.

An interesting incident in connection with the foundation of the Gordon College at Khartoum is the proposed endowment of a scholarship in memory of the late Colonel Hamill Stewart, whose name is almost forgotten by the general public. Colonel Stewart was connected with the "Cherry-Pickers" from his appointment as Cornet in 1865 to the time of his murder in 1884. After Tel-el-Kebir he was sent to Khartoum



A MARTELLO-TOWER AT HYTHE, SPLIT BY THE GALE.

to report upon the state of the Soudan generally, and more especially upon Mahdism. Colonel Hamill Stewart remained at Khartoum till the arrival of the unfortunate Hicks Pasha, and his report was referred to by Lord Dufferin as "unrivalled for lucidity, for complicated information, and, above all, for the spirit of humanity which it breathed." On the evening of Jan. 18, 1884, Stewart was summoned to the War Office and introduced to General Gordon, and at eight the same evening he started with Gordon for Khartoum.

The Hinton Case has got an extraordinary hold on people's imagination still. The *Evening News* has had quite a run with the Organ-grinder's autobiography. No fewer than three men figured at the last Covent Garden Ball—the best, by the way, I have ever seen—while Madame Tussaud has got Hinton and his organ up in Baker Street. One of the Covent Garden masqueraders carried a real barrel-organ, which he played at intervals, and collected pennies. The bust of another was encased in a gold-covered piano-organette, and he distributed a printed slip entitled "A Hint-on Dress." The third man carried a monkey.

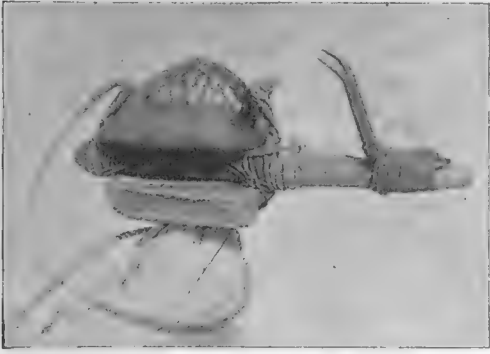
I noted that the library of Mr. Delane, the most famous of all the editors of the *Times*, was sold at Sotheby's the other day. I rubbed my eyes, however, to find that Mr. Delane's books, if Sotheby's catalogue may be trusted, included "*The Sketch*, Vols. III. to XX., 1893-97." Now, as Mr. Delane died in 1879, many years before *The Sketch* was dreamt of, I was bewildered until the conclusion dawned upon me, with a blush of pride, that the distinguished *Times* editor had in other worlds than ours realised his ideal Heaven in a perusal of *The Sketch*. May his existence in the Elysian Fields be cheered for many a year to come by our presentation of life on Earth.

**THE MIDDLESEX YEOMANRY CAVALRY**  
Duke of Cambridge's Hussars.  
A SQUADRON.

**PROGRAMME**  
of  
**SMOKING**  
Concert

FEB. 14<sup>th</sup> 1899

The mere thought of eating an octopus is enough to make the everyday civilised being shudder at the thought; yet in the Hawaiian Islands these devil-fish, as they are commonly called, are a much-prized delicacy among the natives, while the imported Chinese and Japs have also acquired the taste. In the large fish-market at Honolulu piles of



A HOOK TO CATCH A DEVIL-FISH.

these *bonnes-bouches* may be seen both in the fresh and dried condition. Pater-familias walks round inspecting the heaps and chooses the one which appeals to his taste. This the vendor deftly wraps in a piece of palm-leaf, leaving the stalk out for a handle. The hook with which they are caught is a most remarkable affair. A straight piece of stick, about five or six

inches long, forms the backbone. On the upper side is a shell of the brown-spotted variety, underneath that is a solid block of lead, while at the other end of the stick two prongs of sharp brass wire are fastened. This is the hook, and it is wonderful the success the Kanakas have with such a primitive instrument.

On the large majority of Scottish and Irish rivers the salmon-angling season is now open, though, under existing conditions, it might as well remain closed for all the sport likely to be got. A few fish were killed in the Tay during the first week or two of the season, but, from other rivers, the reports variously complained of frost or flood, generally the latter; and subsequent rainstorms have done nothing to brighten the angler's prospects. The enthusiast who dons waders to wield the rod in such weather as prevails at the time of writing richly deserves all he may catch; and as rheumatism and influenza are among the likeliest of his takings, the most cynical of non-sportsmen will, I feel sure, agree with me.

From "Norwegian Anglings and Shootings," published by Messrs. J. A. Lumley and Co., of Lumley House, 34, St. James's Street, I take this portrait of a splendid fish which was killed in the Namsen, one of the finest salmon-rivers in Norway, in 1897. He weighed fifty pounds, but the small boy beside him affords a better idea of his size than mention of his avoirdupois. Salmon larger than this fellow have rarely been killed on the rod; the late Mr. Wilfred Kennedy, in 1894, killed a monster of sixty-eight pounds on the Aoro, another famous Norwegian river.



A 50 LB. NAMSEN SALMON.

that day the inhabitants embraced the new religion, and, up to the beginning of the present century, the people of the other islands in the Hebridean groups jeeringly alluded to the Protestants of the Golden-Headed Cane.

That was a curious and very unusual incident that occurred with Sir John Amory's staghounds on Wednesday the 8th. The hind they were running bethought herself to seek safety by joining a herd of fallow deer in Lord Carnarvon's park. There were a hundred deer or more in this herd, but so admirably "steady" is the body of the pack that most of the hounds followed their quarry's line through the fallow deer, and eventually killed her after a run of four hours and a-half. Unfortunately, a few of the young hounds less well up in their business thought a herd of fallow deer offered better sport than a single red hind, and strayed from virtue's path. In a word, they ran riot furiously among the herd, and had made a bag of seventeen head before the huntsman, Mr. Ian Amory, and his whippers-in came up to teach them with whipcord the error of their ways. To the lay mind, the marvel will appear not that these young hounds ran riot, but that the body of the pack could, and did, carry the line of the hunted deer through a large herd of deer flying wildly in all directions to tempt them off the scent.

Cardinal Richard allows Parisians during Lent a régime that is not very hard. They may have meat every day, except Wednesdays and Fridays, though never meat and fish at the same repast; eggs every day, except during the last three days; milk and butter every day but Good Friday, and the poor are authorised to use fat for their cooking. We are here very far from the extraordinary régime that once ruled Paris in this matter. Up to the very moment of the Revolution it was the Prefecture of Police that forced a Lenten diet on Paris, and a very rigorous one it was. The butchers' shops were closed, and the police spent their forty days in nosing round kitchens to see if they smelled meat. It was thus that, as history records, the Marquise de Bauffremont had her kitchen invaded, and all the succulent viands with which it was stuffed confiscated for the benefit of the Hôtel-Dieu, which alone had the privilege of possessing meat in Lent, and this, of course, for the purpose of dealing it out to the sick.



A DEVIL-FISH AND SMALL OCTOPUS.

But the Cardinal's easy mandate is not the only Lenten privilege the Parisians enjoy; they have gone still farther than this in the way of accommodation with Heaven. Anybody that likes to pay for a dispensation can free himself entirely from all these conditions, and, if a man is rich enough, he can obtain from the Pope a life dispensation for himself, his family, his domestics, and for all the persons that eat by chance at his table. More than one such brief hangs framed in the luxurious dining-rooms of Paris, and it goes without saying that the *entrée* of such houses is appreciated during Lent. Among houses so favoured are those of the Princess Mathilde and of Queen Isabella. Add to these privileged persons the large and growing number of sceptics, and one is not surprised to learn that the great *chic* in Paris during Lent is to give magnificent dinners: tables with embroidered linen over yellow or rose satin; low baskets of Parma violets, exhaling fragrance; electric flowers, dropping light from the lovely fingers of bronze statuettes; viands fit for the gods! To realise how far this is from primitive penitence, we have only to contrast it with the mortification of St. Macaire of Alexandria, who drank nothing during Lent and ate nothing but a raw cabbage-leaf every Sunday.

Mardi Gras tied Paris into uncountable knots. It is on the flower-scented Riviera that these efforts of artistic gaiety seem met half-way by Nature herself, and, therefore, go with a *vim* which rarely attends them farther North. Nice was more than ever a case in point this year, and Sunday's "Bataille" will long be remembered as an orgie of flowers, sunshine, and brilliant colouring by those who looked on its lively proceedings. Prince and Princess Lubomirsky's quaint idea of a *troika* drawn by three beautiful black horses was one of the features of the procession. The sleigh was a mass of jonquils and cornflowers, and the high Russian collar on the central horse added to the picturesqueness of the whole. Mrs. and Miss O'Hagan were in a mimosa-coloured landau, with the Duke de Pomar and Mr. Taylor, and there were hundreds of well-known others besides. Meanwhile, what all this costs only those who pay knoweth; but the result of the paying was entirely successful.



Many happy returns of the day to Lord Beauchamp, who was twenty-seven on Monday. He started his new year well, for he is now Governor of New South Wales. He has already won his spurs as Mayor of Worcester, as a speaker, as supporter of the great movement on behalf of Greece and Armenia, and, since December 1897, as a Progressive member of the London School Board. But it is at Madresfield Court, his ancestral home in Worcestershire, with its panoramic background of Malvern Hill scenery, that his own personality most asserts itself. There, assisted by his sister, Lady Mary Lygon, Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of York, he has done the honours of the place. His intense love of cultivated and wild flowers is the first characteristic of the owner that strikes the visitor. His leanings towards the High Church betrays itself in the beautifully kept, flower-perfumed chapel, which has been thus transformed of late years from a bedroom known as King Charles's. His curious study-desk, too, designed by himself and carried out by a Worcester firm, gives another insight into Lord Beauchamp's character. It is covered on the lid, front, sides, and back with religious and moral proverbs and aphorisms such as those which enrich the sun-dial outside, put up only three years ago—"Silent performance maketh best return," "Let Age approve of Youth, and Death complete the same," "That day is wasted on which we have not laughed."

The Court dates back many centuries, and, on the side where the huge moat is visible, almost looks its age. "It was," says Lord Beauchamp, "an important outpost of the Faithful City during the Civil Wars, and, as Colonel Lygon was a Parliamentarian, no doubt suffered accordingly." The owner, greatly interested in all questions of municipal reform, particularly values the great treasure of his library—the complete roll of the proceedings of the Manor Courts from the days of Edward III. The Court is full of historic pictures, miniatures, and bric-à-brac; the dining-room, which formed the entrance to the old house, is a fine specimen of a mediæval hall. Lord Beauchamp's bedroom, on the ground floor, with its antique four-poster bed, heavy-beamed ceilings, tapestry hangings, oak chests, all proclaim that the owner, while pledged to reform and progress in the present, maintains a reverent affection for the traditions of the past.

Two out of the trio of pretty little Japs whose portraits I give can claim for themselves the honour of having been bred and born in England, and no farther away from London itself than the neighbourhood of Streatham Common. Melville Tokio, their sire, is a lovely little imported dog, from whom his mistress, Miss Annie Rettick, has bred some capital prize-winners. He has a lovely coat of fine quality and of a brilliant black and white; he has a nice, short face, fine eyes, very even head-markings, and a handsome chrysanthemum tail, which he carries in approved Jap fashion. His lovely little son and daughter, who were born in August of last year, seem to have inherited all his good points, combined with those of their mother, Yofuku, a pretty bitch also owned by Miss Rettick. The little dog, Melville Daitorio, was shown, when only a few days over three months old, at the Aquarium Show of Chows and foreign dogs, where he took some prizes; the little bitch, Melville Myra, has not yet been shown, but she promises to grow into a professional beauty at an early age. At the time this portrait was taken the puppies were only eleven weeks old.

Prince Jumbo is a handsome fawn pug, owned by Lady Reid, of Stanley House, West Dulwich, of whom and her daughter he is a cherished pet. Prince Jumbo may be described as a most amiable and charming Home Ruler. Lady Reid, knowing that (unlike many pet dogs)

awarded a first in the Challenge Class, and carried off the Surrey Ladies' County Cup. As his portrait shows, he has a fine head, with good wrinkles and the desired dark markings, lovely eyes, a nice cobby body, a tightly curled and well-carried tail, and good legs and feet. His manners



PRINCE JUMBO.

Photo by Fäll, Baker Street, W.

are perfection—in fact, he is an all-round highly bred gentleman. Prince Jumbo is by Drummer King out of Princess Alice; he was bred by Mrs. W. Ridler (well known in the world of pugdom). His date of birth is Aug. 8, 1893. In all probability, Prince Jumbo will not again "face the music" of a dog-show until the time comes for that delightful function the Summer Show of the L.K.A.

Society will upon June 21 next make the attempt to obtain the £60,000 required by the Charing Cross Hospital to complete the endowment fund of £100,000. A World's Bazaar is to be organised at Niagara, each country being represented by one stall. Moreover, there will be other lands, such as Stageland, Bookland, Animal-land, and each stall will be presided over by the most eminent personages. Scotland, for instance, is represented, among other titled ladies, by the Duchess of Sutherland and Duchess of Montrose; Germany, Princess Pless; France, Countess of Carnarvon; Russia, Princess Demidoff, Princess Radzinik; South Africa, Lady Sarah Wilson; Japan, Duchess of Wellington; America, Duchess of Marlborough. Mr. Beerbohm Tree will direct the theatre, and has lent the staff of Her Majesty's Theatre. Mrs. Tree, Mrs. Kendal, and Mrs. George Alexander supervise Stageland. Mrs. Brown-Potter manipulates the cocktails; Mrs. Hwfa Williams will control Animal-land; the Duchess of Somerset will dispense in Refreshment-land; the Duchess of Leeds will govern Bookland; Lady Randolph Churchill administers Music-land; Lady Granby arranges art; Mrs. Arthur Paget, who is promoting the entire charity, will direct Flower-land. Communications respecting the bazaar should be sent to Mr. Lionel Hart at Her Majesty's Theatre.

The death of Mr. George Spottiswoode, the head of the firm of Spottiswoode and Co., has been sufficiently commented upon in journals more particularly devoted to current news. Mr. Spottiswoode won the regard of all who came into association with him. Of one aspect of his work I am reminded by the following memorandum I have received from Mr. G. H. Thorpe—

Mr. G. A. Spottiswoode and his brother William, who was a member of the firm of Eyre and Spottiswoode, were the pioneers of the early-closing movement in the printing business. In the early 'fifties they began to take an active part in the management of their respective businesses. At that time the working hours were all round the clock—from seven till seven or from eight till eight, including Saturdays, when wages were paid, often as late as nine o'clock at night. The brothers Spottiswoode soon changed this, beginning by giving Saturday half-holidays in the summer months and paying wages on Friday evenings. In this beneficial movement they were joined by Messrs. Hitchcock and Williams, of St. Paul's Churchyard, and by the firm that has since developed into Price's Patent Candle Company. Evening-classes for boys and men, cricket and boating clubs, choral societies, and entertainments of all kinds were organised by the Spottiswoodes in those days of long ago, before the era of Board Schools and an almost universal weekly half-holiday.

Mr. Thorpe, by the way, has just retired from the position of manager of the composing department of the *Illustrated London News* and *Sketch*. Mr. Thorpe had been associated with the *Illustrated London News* for some thirty years, having previously been in the service of the Spottiswoodes, at the time when that firm was printing Macaulay's *History*, and other notable publications of the house of Longman. A singularly acute man, Mr. Thorpe has many interesting stories to tell that make for literary history as seen from the printers' composing-room. It was with Mr. Thorpe, also, I have pleasure in recalling, that I held solemn consultation some six years ago, when it was decided to publish *The Sketch* in a type larger than, up to that date, had ever been used systematically by any illustrated paper.



MELVILLE TOKIO WITH HIS SON AND DAUGHTER.

Photo by Wayland, Streatham.

he has a great aversion to dog-shows, very seldom exhibits him, and only at those of the Ladies' Kennel Association, of which she is one of the most important and influential members, being one of its Vice-Presidents and the President of the Guarantee Committee. Prince Jumbo's last public appearance was under the Dome at Brighton last month, where he was

Never before has Niagara had such an ice-bridge as it has had this year. The wind, water, and ice all combined to make it the most wonderful structure of ice ever seen at the Falls. The wind played its part in sweeping across Lake Erie and driving the ice into the entrance



THE NEW STEEL BRIDGE ACROSS NIAGARA.

of the Niagara River at Buffalo, where it was caught by the current and hurried towards the Falls, there to pile up in wondrous form. From the base of the Horseshoe Fall down the gorge for a mile or more the ice jammed from shore to shore, piling up against the abutments of the new steel-arch bridge until the safety of the structure was threatened, so heavy was the ice.

On the afternoon of Sunday, Jan. 22, the water rose many feet, and an ice-bridge then in the gorge, over which people were crossing at the time, was broken loose and started down the river toward the Whirlpool Rapids. Never has there been such an exciting incident at Niagara as people being swept down-stream on floating ice. On the cliffs were thousands of people who had come to view the winter scene. One man escaped from the ice by catching on to the steel-arch bridge as he was being carried by. A man and a woman ran away across the river to the Canadian side on the moving ice, and it seemed several times as though the mass would open and swallow them. The lady was Miss Bessie Hall, of Johnsonburg, Pennsylvania, and the man Mr. C. E. Misner, of Buffalo.

To view a Niagara ice-bridge from the cliff-tops is to get a deceptive idea of it, for its surface looks smooth. But it is when at the water's edge that the correct idea of the mighty mass is obtained. Then the ice-bridge is seen in all its regal magnificence and glory. The mountainous character of the structure is apparent. Here the ice rises so high that even the opposite cliffs are shut out from sight, and it is seen that the bridge is composed of small, rough, uneven cakes of ice, all of which have been churned and broken in their passage through the upper rapids and over the Falls. They are held together by the tightness of the jam, stretching nearly 1500 feet from shore to shore over a rapid current, the water at this point being 200 feet deep. After a heavy snowfall much of the beauty of an ice-bridge is destroyed, owing to many of the crevasses being filled by the snow. Sometimes the entire bridge is sheeted with ice, caused by the spray from the Falls dropping on it and freezing there.



NIAGARA FROZEN UP.

The new canal which the Dominion Government is about to construct will be 430 miles in length. It will connect the head of ocean navigation at Montreal with the waters of Lake Superior, *via* the French and Ottawa Rivers and Georgian Bay. The new route will be 450 miles shorter than the Erie Canal route to an ocean port, and 375 shorter than the St. Lawrence route. It will be 900 miles shorter than any other ocean route between Liverpool and Chicago. The actual time saved will be four days over the Erie Canal, and one day and a-half over the St. Lawrence.

The Philippine archipelago covers 1000 miles north and south, 600 miles east and west. Some of the islands are yet unexplored. It is estimated that there are 2000 islands in the group. The area of the largest, Luzon, is 41,000 square miles. The principal islands are Luzon, Mindanao, Palawan, Samar, Panay, Mindoro, Leyte, Negros, Cebu, Masbate, Bohol, Tablas, Calanduanes, Burias, Ticao. The aggregate land area is 114,356 square miles. There is a population of 8,000,000, which comprises Malays, Chinese, Japanese, Moors, Indians, Aitas, Negritos, pure blacks, and Europeans. The permanent Spanish population was 25,000.

The people tan leather, weave cotton and silk, make waggons and carts, but excel in shipbuilding. Agriculture is not developed. The Philippines are rich in woods—ebony, cedar, iron-wood, sapan-wood, logwood—and gum-trees are abundant. They produce gutta-percha, bamboo, areca palm, the banana, among other things. Deer, buffalo, horses, and monkeys are found, as also many reptiles and birds of



UNCLE SAM'S COAL-HEAP IN HONOLULU.

Photo by Walter Burke, Christchurch, New Zealand.

various kinds. The minerals include gold, silver, copper, coal, zinc, galena, sulphur. There is one railroad, 123 miles in length. The import trade was valued at 10,000,000 dollars, the export trade at 20,000,000 dollars. The export trade to America was 12,000,000 dollars a-year. The exports exceed by £40,000 the £4,000,000 which the United States recently promised to pay to Spain.

A paragraph in *The Sketch* the other week gave some details of a church in Sussex described as the smallest in England. There is, it seems, in the West of England a sacred edifice that will run it very close for this distinction—the Parish Church of Culbone, near Minehead. This edifice is only thirty-three feet long by twelve feet wide, but, notwithstanding its tiny proportions, is large enough, like the Sussex building, for the few people who live in its neighbourhood. The church is little known, being situated in a lonely spot four hundred feet above the Bristol Channel, surrounded and hidden in beautiful woods, and enclosed to such an extent that the rays of the sun never reach it during the winter months. In the vicinity of this tiny church as many as ten million trees, it is said, have been planted.

The relatives of the late lamented President Monroe, whose doctrine found so much favour with his people in years gone by, are making things hum in their recently acquired territory, the Hawaiian Islands. It is intended that Honolulu shall be made a first-class coaling-station, from which, in the near future, the whole of the Pacific can be controlled. Coal, among other things, is being stored there in enormous quantities, and there are about two thousand troops under canvas. The health of these is not very good, and they seem only too anxious to get away and back to a temperate clime.



Mr. Charles Willie Mathews may be seen at most important *premieres* with his pretty wife. His interest in the drama can easily be explained by the fact that he is the son of the Charles Mathews who held a unique position in the histrionic world. The father might well be proud of the position reached by his son, who was called in 1872 to the Bar by



MR. CHARLES MATHEWS AS A BOY.

Photo by Adolphe Beau.

the Middle Temple, and is now the senior prosecuting counsel for the Treasury at the Old Bailey and Recorder of the ancient City of Salisbury. Although Mr. "Charlie" Mathews' name is chiefly heard of in connection with the cases which he conducts so scrupulously for the Crown in the Criminal Courts, his civil practice on the Western Circuit is not to be despised, and his appearances in the Royal Courts of Justice in *causes célèbres* are frequent. He was a great friend of the popular "Monty" Williams, who, as appears in his well-known book, speaks of the brilliant young barrister with enthusiasm. Mr. Mathews is now a man of middle stature, with a keen, dark face, in which those who know see some suggestion of the actor; a voice rather

high in pitch and of strong penetration, and an impressive manner of piecing together all the evidence in a complicated case so as to build up an apparently simple homogeneous story. In private life he is very popular, and he has a great reputation for his skill in the un-English art of after-dinner speaking.

Mr. John C. Francis, the well-known and honoured manager of the *Athenæum* newspaper, writes to me as follows—

Dr. Jabez Hogg's reference to the part taken by the late Mr. Herbert Ingram in the agitation for the repeal of the taxes on the Press reminds me of the frequent mention my father would make of him. Mr. Ingram joined the Association for the Repeal of the Advertisement Duty on its formation in 1849, and he caused many helpful articles to appear in the *Illustrated London News*; he also attended deputations to Ministers, and, on the occasion of a deputation to Sir Charles Wood, stated "that in many cases he had paid more for duty than he had received from the advertisements." Afterwards he became an active member of the Paper Duty Repeal Association. On the third reading of the Bill, he was unfortunate enough to get in the wrong lobby, and his vote was recorded with the "Noes."

My father was one of the last to bid him farewell when he left for America, and on the occasion of the presentation to Mr. Milner Gibson, on Feb. 4, 1862, he made the following reference: "One gentleman's name he would also mention, who, just before he set out on a fatal voyage, had told him how much interest he felt in the movement—Mr. Herbert Ingram, of the *Illustrated London News*."

Mr. John Hollingshead writes—

The interesting recollections of Mr. Ingram, the founder of English illustrated journalism, by Dr. Jabez Hogg, encourages me to add to them, although I never had any connection with the *Illustrated London News*, and gained what little knowledge I had of the paper in its early days from my friend, Mark Lemon. The only time I met Mr. Ingram was at the launch and the trial trip of that unfortunate but impressive vessel, the *Great Eastern*, Mr. Ingram being a director of the company formed to build this great conception of the younger Brunel. It was built at Mr. Scott Russell's shipbuilding yard at Millwall, in the "Isle of Dogs," and, because of its great length and the narrowness of the river at that point, it was launched sideways. The river was crowded with interested spectators in all kinds of floating craft, and it is no exaggeration to say that at least a hundred thousand spectators must have been present. I represented Charles Dickens and *Household Words*, and stood, most of the critical time, near the stern windlass. The sacred dinner-hour arrived—12 to 1. The huge vessel was on the stays, visibly trembling, with the hundred thousand people practically beneath her. Would the workmen go to dinner or not? That was the question. They would—they always do. On their return, the critical work, which ought never to have been left, was resumed. In a few minutes the cable-ropes at the stern windlass broke, sending the huge iron handles spinning round with demoniacal power. These hurled a number of men revolving into the air, who fell down in various directions with their backs and necks broken. They had had their last dinner-hour.

The next act was the trial trip—from Greenhithe to Weymouth. I joined the vessel at Queenhithe, still representing Dickens and *Household Words*, my travelling companion being George Augustus Sala, who represented the *Daily Telegraph*. We had one big stateroom between us—just off the Grand Saloon. Mr. Ingram was on board with his eldest son, then about fourteen. In the Channel, just off Hastings, we sat down to dinner, the tables being arranged for separate parties. I sat at the "Press" table, where Mr. Ingram took the chair, and near me were Sala, Mr. Williams (the War Correspondent), Mr. Edward Reed (afterwards Sir Edward Reed, M.P., and Chief Constructor of the Navy), then representing Mr. Passmore Edwards and the *Mechanic's Magazine*, Mr. Washington Wilks of the *Morning Star*, and many others. Mr. Wilks was standing with a wine-glass in his hand, proposing Mr. Ingram's health, when we heard a thunderbolt boom on the deck above, the fall of a heavy body of iron on the deck, and the next moment our skylight came down upon us in a shower of broken glass. Mr. Wilks made us finish the toast, and, without waiting for the usual reply, we went upstairs, to find excitement, dismay, and general confusion. One of the huge funnels was lying across the deck, like a spent cannon. The steering gear had broken, and the ship obeyed no one, and

rolled considerably. There was a rumour of a fire in some part of the hold, and it was soon known that about half-a-dozen stokers were fatally scalded by the escaped steam in the stokehole. The grand saloon was a wreck, with all the surrounding staterooms and berths, mine and Sala's among the number, and one or two unlucky passengers were howling for help, half-buried beneath the heaps of splintered wood, glass, and destroyed fittings. On deck, the last I saw of Mr. Ingram and his son was going into a deck-cabin, where the Chairman of the Company, Roy Campbell, almost bundled them, locking the door behind them. Mr. Ingram was clasping the boy in his arms. The next year, on Lake Michigan, in America, they were both killed in a steamboat explosion.

An excellent sixpenny guide to Dartmoor has just been issued by Beeching's. It is accompanied by a very elaborate map, and is filled with illustrations.

## THE WONDERS OF THE EGYPTIAN HALL.

"When the pie is open the birds begin to sing; Isn't that a dainty dish to set before the King?" In this particular pie there is only one bird, but it (or rather, she) sings very tunefully, and dances too! The bird is Miss Cassie Bruce, and even a captious King would marvel at her daintiness. The pie (and the fair bird) is to be seen twice daily at the Egyptian Hall, where Mr. Maskelyne has replaced the famous "box trick," which has lately caused so much ado, by a "pie trick." In other words, instead of bringing a man out of a box, he goes one better, and brings a pretty young lady out of a pie—a huge pie, it is true, but the illusion is none the less wonderful for that. The story, illustrated on the opposite page, runs thus—

Hans Goffmann (Mr. Nevil Maskelyne), spending his ante-nuptial honeymoon alone at Killarney, dreams that his Gretchen (Miss Cassie Bruce) is unfaithful. Under the guidance of Danny Doyle (Mr. J. B. Hansard), and with the object of ascertaining how far his suspicions are justified, Goffmann visits "The Gnomes' Grot," where resides a mysterious Hermit (Mr. J. N. Maskelyne). The adverse influences of the Hobgoblins, whose machinations result in spiritual manifestations of a very pronounced order, having been overcome, a huge nugget of gold is produced by the Hermit, apparently from empty space. Rising out of this nugget, the Oracle of Destiny appears, and instructs the Hermit as to what he must do. A box is built up in the centre of the cave, and from this comes the Gnome Gobo (Mr. G. A. Cooke). Taking up a position upon a raised stand, Gobo is instantly transformed to the "astral form" of Gretchen, who sets Goffmann's mind at rest, but again becomes the Gnome when touched by an "unsanctified hand." Finally, Gobo is covered with a cloth, which, falling to the ground, discloses, in place of the Gnome, a halo of light. This gradually becomes brighter, and within it there slowly appears the form of Gretchen, who is heard singing a charming song composed by Signor Lardelli, "Leal and True."

Miss Bruce belongs to a stage family, and, although the parts she is now playing at the Egyptian Hall do not give her much opportunity, she shows by her charming personality and natural manner that the traditions of her family are safe in her hands. Her début was made ten years ago,

at the Globe Theatre, where, as a child, she appeared in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mr. F. R. Benson. Later, she played at the Lyceum in Mr. Daly's first production of "As You Like It," followed by a season with Edmund Tearle at the Olympic, playing small parts in Shakespeare's plays. Then two seasons in pantomime with Mr. Oscar Barrett, an engagement in "A Model Trilby," with Miss Farren, at the Opéra Comique, and, while there, she was engaged by Mr. George Edwards for "The Geisha," where she remained for two years, leaving last May to join Mr. Maskelyne. When she was very, very young, Miss Bruce's singing-master told her she would never have a voice, but how far his predictions have proved true may be judged by the reception given to the eight songs she sings daily at the "Home of Mystery" in Piccadilly. Miss Bruce is *petite*, but her ambition is by no means small of stature. Indeed, her early training seems to have fitted her for the serious rôles of legitimate drama, and, if a keenly artistic temperament is of any value, she should accomplish something more than "chambermaids" as easily as she has upset the prognostications of her singing-master.



MISS CASSIE BRUCE.

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.





"THE GNOMES' GROT," AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL.



## MR. PINERO'S GENIUS AGAIN HOLDS LONDON.

Mr. Pinero has been too long silent. It is seven months since his latest play, "Trelawny of the Wells," produced at the Court Theatre in January 1898, was withdrawn, and since then we have had nothing. But this week he is with us again in the whole range of his art, for "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" (originally produced at the St. James's Theatre, May 27, 1893) was revived by Mrs. Patrick Campbell on Monday night at Mr. Robert Arthur's beautiful Princess's Theatre, Kennington; to be followed by "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," while Mr. Terry this evening will revive "Sweet Lavender," which was produced at his theatre eleven years ago, and has been played, goodness knows how many thousands of times, ever since by professionals and amateurs in every English-speaking country. Widely different as these plays are—representing the Dickens strain and the touch of grim realism in Mr. Pinero's character—there is a certain bond of connection in their present revival, for it was Mr. Robert Arthur's predecessor, the late Mr. William McFarland, who was the first to reproduce "Sweet Lavender" out of London. That was in Aberdeen, the Ultima Thule of stagemod, on Dec. 29, 1888. Here are the three casts—

Characters.	Terry's, 21.3.'88.	Terry's, 22.2.'90.	Aberdeen, 29.12.'88.
Wedderburn ... ..	Brandon Thomas ..	Edmund Maurice	Nicol Pentland
Clement "My Boy" ..	Bernard Gould ...	Marsh Allen ...	W. T. Lowell
Dr. Delaney ... ..	Alfred Bishop ...	Richard Purdon	J. B. Gordon
Dick Phenyl ... ..	Edward Terry ...	Edward Terry ...	T. W. Robertson
Bream ... ..	Fred Kerr ...	Ben Webster ...	Sam Sothorn
Maw ... ..	Sant Matthews ...	Lionel Walsh ...	Francis Jerrard
Bulger ... ..	T. C. Valentine ...	Percy Bell ...	Alfred Ferguson
Mrs. Gilfillan ... ..	M. A. Victor ...	M. A. Victor ...	Maria Davis
Minnie ... ..	Maude Millett ...	Maude Millett ...	Cora Stuart
Ruth Rolt ... ..	Carlotta Addison ...	Carlotta Addison	Mrs. Kemmis
Lavender ... ..	Rosa Norreys ...	Nina Boucicault	Emelie Grattan

Scene.—Chambers of Mr. Phenyl and Mr. Hale, No. 3, Brain Court, Temple.

Time.—Spring: The Present Day.

Act I.—Nobody's Business. Act II. (next day).—Somebody's Business.

Act III. (a week later).—Everybody's Business.

I shall never forget the first time I saw "Sweet Lavender." It was at that initial production in the provinces eleven years ago, when young



MR. PHENYL BECOMES HOUSEKEEPER WHEN MRS. ROLT LEAVES THE TEMPLE.

T. W. Robertson (Mrs. Kendal's brother) undertook Mr. Terry's part. It was not until the next year that I saw Mr. Terry himself, and I confess I preferred Mr. Robertson, who echoed Terry in an exaggerated manner. During the fortnight that the piece was played in Aberdeen—in place of

one of those unlovely pantomimes which are perpetrated on provincials—I went to see "Sweet Lavender" five or six times, and ended by being able to repeat whole pages of the dialogue, which was printed by Mr. Heinemann in 1893.

Since then so much has happened. We have praised and then criticised "Mrs. Tanqueray"; we have erected a New Century Theatre.



MR. PHENYL READS THE LETTER IN WHICH HENRY JENKS OBJECTS TO HIS "CARRYINGS-ON."

Of that original cast, Mr. Sant Matthews is dead, and Miss Rose Norreys is in a lunatic asylum; while Mr. T. W. Robertson also died in an asylum. But we come back to "Sweet Lavender" with keen anticipation of pleasure. I must leave it for another hand next week to say whether that anticipation is realised. Meantime, let me express my own looking forward in another medium—

"Last time, my boy!" Nay, not the last.  
I love you as I love my "Caste."

You shield us from the biting blast  
Of Paula's "kennel."  
How many happy hours I've passed  
With Richard Phenyl!

My head, perchance, would fain condemn,  
My views of life perhaps condemn,  
The tender Dickens' stratagem  
Of "swell" and "slavvy."  
And yet my heart admires you, Clem,  
For wooing Lavvy.

I own I love, in very truth—  
The cynic shakes his head, forsooth—  
The tale of poor unwedded Ruth  
Within her basement;  
The story of the gilded youth  
At Juliet's casement.

For Romeo haunts the simple theme,  
From Bulger, with his shaving-cream,  
To pushing Mr. Horace Bream,  
Who haunted Minnie—  
For Love must reign, howe'er we deem  
Him harlequinny.

There's sentiment from Wigmore Street,  
Where other eyes see bricks replete—  
The doctor comes with hurrying feet,  
Our dear Delaney,  
To scatter sunshine, warm and sweet,  
When days are rainy.

I love them all, for Cares demand  
The touches of the gentle hand,  
That breaks the spell of trouble's brand  
And makes us merry.  
So hie we to the roaring Strand  
And Edward Terry!

J. M. B.





MR. PHENYL (MR. TERRY) GOES OUT TO THE THEATRE.

*It was a sacrifice on his part, for he had declared of his evening-dress: "The coat and waistcoat are in a fair state of preservation, but the trousers have been attending funerals for years."*

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A "HOOLIGAN."

I met "Cocky" at the Salvation Army Headquarters. "Cocky" is, or was, before his conversion, an English Hooligan, a "Brum" of the "New Cut," a lad of nineteen, with close-cut hair, and the roving, sidelong eye and writhing mouth of his clan.

"How did you join the 'Hooligans'?" I asked him.

"Oh, I was on me knuckle, carrying the flag orl night, you know (that's walking the streets), without any splosh to pay for a bunk in the kip-house (that's a lodging-house, yer understand), an' I met one o' me pals what run with the Engine House Mob—the 'Weasel,' it was. That bloke, 'e knows wort time it is!—'E's as good at dippin' a poke (that's nippin' a purse, yer understand) as any bloke within ten mile o' the Elephant! An' 'e looks as simple as a dying duck in a thunderstorm! 'Well,' 'e says, 'can yer put up fer 'arf a cage?' (that's a 'arf pint o' beer), an' I told 'im as how I 'adn't 'ad a tuck-in (that's a feed) sinet yesderdy morn'. Well, I 'adn't, neither, fer I'd just done five stretch (days) for gettin' awye with four quid in South Lambeth."

"Well," I said, "go on about 'the Weasel.'"

"Oh, 'e says, could I get the splosh to pay the pots all roun', an' 'e'd interdooce me to the Engine 'Ouse Brums."

"How did you get the money?"

"Well, I tried 'cab-duckin', but there ain't nothink in that. Wot's that? Wye, w'istlin' up 'ansoms for the toffs; sometimes yer kin pick up a bob at that, but it's too bloomin' slow fer me. So I done the pyper gyme, an' dipped a nice little red lot perlitely. Yer see, I didn't have the togs fer ter bust er house with, 'cause yer can't

carry around a lot of 'relievers' (that's jimmies an' bars an' false keys) under yer arm, kin yer? Yer 'ave ter 'ave a nice little black bag an' be dressed up ter the nines ter suit. Well, I was over West, in a theayter crowd, but they wos two peelers onter me, so I couldn't work orl alone. I was a-sellin' *Westminster Gazettes*, yer see, an' watchin' fer blokes. Well, I seen two o' me ole pals, an' I says, 'I gort a charnst to pinch a good haul, but they's a couple o' slops twiggin' me gyme. Are you in it?' They backed me, an' I run up against a toff with a jerry and slang strung across 'is veskit, an' I shoves me pyper in 'is fyce and says, 'Wornt a pyper?' Me pals behind, they jams me up aginst 'im, an' I dipped 'is kettle



"CORBETT."

Photo by Viner, Watworth Road.

an' parst it along, and says 'Meet me at the Rose and Glarss.' They greases orf, an' when I gits aroun' they 'ad done it in at the Spank, and we divides up six quid, fer it was a nice red lot (that's a gold watch, yer understand)."

"Then you joined the 'Hooligans'?"

"Yes, the Weasel interdooced me, an' I paid the pots all roun' an gort me belt. Wort's that? Wye, we has to wear a loaded belt, full o' lead, yer understand, and we gits fined tuppence if we ain't gort it 'andy all the time. We pays a bob a-week, and the leader gives us the tip when there's any oof ter be myde on a job. Then there's a committee; they're spotters, and gits the tips on good jobs to work, an' they tells us off fer the biz. Ginnally three blokes fer ter bust the 'ouse, chaps as is 'andy with their fives, three or four to take the stuff and git awye with it—an' I was ginnally one o' them on account o' me bein' a sprinter—and three or so to 'dog-off'; that's styin' outside watchin' fer splits an' slops, an' w'istlin' when there's a good charnst ter grease off."

"Do you know all the detectives and plain-clothes officers?"

"Know 'em? Wye, we kin orlmost smell a 'split'! Yer kin tell 'em by the wye they walk and the wye they look. They don't never look at yer stryke, allus sidelong like, lookin' down at yer feet. They's a couple of 'tecks' hangs around the Engine House, an' when they turns up it's 'Stop! Look out; below, boys!' an' we greases off in a hurry. We done one of 'em good, onct, though. 'E was a 'D.' who was made up fer a Jew ole-clothes man, an' 'e come aroun' rubbin' 'is 'ands, arskin' us, Did we 'ave any stuff to sell? I arst him was 'e stryke, an' he says, 'Yes.' Well, I says, we're goin' to bust a 'ouse down ter Clapham Common ter-night, an' if 'e'd 'dog us out' (that's keep watch outside, an' w'istle when it was syfe ter git out) he could buy the 'swag.' 'E says, 'Orl right'; an' he waits down there orl night, wyle we perlitely does a job in Peckham Rye. We 'ad our leader ter

tyke the tools; 'e used ter be a 'swell cracksmen, an' 'e was dressed up ter the 'nines.'"

"How do you sell the 'swag'?"

"Up at the 'Spank' (that's Petticoat Lane, yer understand). They's a lot o' stryke 'fences' there, w'ere yer kin git twenty-five bob a ounce fer eighteen carrot gold an' thirty-one bob fer twenty-two carrot. Some of 'em's crooked, though, an' them Jews they'll skin yer, if they kin. Then they's a lot o' potmen in the East-End pubs as yer kin always depend on. No, we don't 'ring the changes' much (that's passin' bad coin), it's too risky; if they gits yer 'dial' in the Rogues' Gallery, yer don't stan' no show at all. They ain't gort my 'clock' there yit (that's me 'chivvy'—me fyce on a photograph).

"Ow does we put a bloke on 'is 'ed? Wye, look - a - 'ere. S'pose the gang is a loafin' aroun' a pub. It's, sye, eleven o'clock. Bill says, 'I'm a bit tight, Cocky; gort any ready?' (that's money, yer understand). I says, 'No splosh on me. Wort 'll we do? I sye! 'Ere comes an ole

Teddy. He's a toff—'e aint gort no stuff on 'im, 'as 'e? Look at that there kettle an' slang an' them sparklers! Shall we do 'im in, boys?' Orl rite! They ain't no slops roun', or if they is, we don't care, fer we got the mob handy. I goes up an' says, 'Gort er match, sir?' 'E's a bit 'screwed, per'aps, yer understand, an' 'e says, 'Yes, me lad,' an' goes inter 'is pockits. I says, 'Yes, so 'ave I!'; an' I ram me arm under 'is chin, an' tips 'im over perlitely, and the Weasel catches 'im a ripper behind. 'Don't yer move, or I'll black yer jaw fer yer!' Then we rams 'is 'at over 'is eyes, an' goes through 'im, an' drags 'im aroun' the corner, an' leaves 'im there, whether it's rynyng or not. Our leader does in the kettle an' sparklers, an' we meets in the kip-house, and divides it up.

"No, I ain't tipped up a copper fer two weeks, an' I ain't been a dippin' neither, an' I ain't had a drink—at least, not many—not sinet I seen the Brigadier. Yer see, we gort pals enough, but there ain't

nobody but the Army who 'll recly 'elp a feller out when 'e's on 'is knuckle. The Brigadier, 'e don't split, an' them beef-an'-tea tuck-ins 'elp along w'en a feller is 'workin' stryke, fer yer don't git no five quid a-week like yer do w'en yer on the crook! I'm a-goin' ter keep stryke es long es I kin, fer the Brig. 'e's got me a job ter work. Yer don't never git nowhere when yer on the crook, and yer just as bad off in a year as yer were ter start in with, not ter speak o' doing four months' time out o' every twelve. So I clucked it, an', now I got a charnst, I'm a-goin' ter keep stryke as long as I kin.



AFTER A COURSE OF SALVATION ARMYISM.

Photo by Viner, Watworth Road.

"So, w'en I has a tanner, I fills up on styke-an'-rabbit pie instid o' gittin' a pair o' pots, wort don't stan' by yer w'en yer belly feels like yer throat was cut. I'm orl rite es long as I'm sober. Thank yer, sir; don't keer if I do! An', I sye! Yer don't mind mixin' the story up a bit, so the coppers won't git onter us, do yer? Thanks!"

GELETT BURGESS.



FROM OVER THE WATER.

Photo by Viner, Watworth Road.



## ROBERT AND ELIZABETH BROWNING.

THE PUBLICATION OF THE LOVE-LETTERS OF ROBERT AND ELIZABETH BROWNING BY SMITH AND ELDER TEMPTS US TO RECALL SUNDRY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE TWO FAMOUS POETS.

The Letters of the Brownings, which Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., the publishers of the poems of the brilliant pair, have just issued in two volumes, bring Browning and his wife nearer to our hearts than they have ever been before, and recall some interesting points in the careers of the two poets. Possibly only the more minute worshippers of Browning, and of these only such as specialise in biography, find significant reminders of the poet and his wife in the prosaic neighbourhood of Euston Road. To such, however, St. Pancras Church is suggestive as the place where the lives of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett were formally united. The story of their romantic courtship is familiar to many who do not remember where it ended, when, on Sept. 12, 1846, Browning and his betrothed drove to St. Pancras Church, and were there, with strict privacy, made man and wife. The reason for this secrecy lay, of course, in Mr. Barrett's invincible hostility, not to Browning the man, but to Browning the suitor. It would, indeed, have been the same for any suitor. Not very long ago some critics were inclined to doubt the verisimilitude of the too affectionate father in "The Sleeping Partner," who could not be parted from his daughter. Mr. Barrett was the same character in real life, with "several aggravations"; for he absolutely refused to let his daughter go. For none of his children, indeed, would he cordially accept a husband or wife, and, in Elizabeth's case, he considered his objection doubly justified, for he regarded her as a hopeless invalid, and declared that his daughter should have been thinking of another world."

Miss Barrett was certainly thinking of another world, haply of two,



ST. PANCRAS CHURCH, WHERE BROWNING WAS MARRIED.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

matrimony and the Continent. She had been ordered abroad for the winter of 1846-47, as the only chance of recovery, but Mr. Barrett was obdurate on this point also. So Miss Barrett's only hope of seeing a more genial sky, with its possibilities of restored health, lay in taking the law into her own hands. Alone she could not do this. As Mr. Browning's wife, she might. Accordingly, without informing even such near friends as Miss Mitford or Mr. Kenyon, the poets carried out their plan and separated for a week at the church-door. During that week Browning suspended his customary calls, his honesty forbidding him to ask for his wife as Miss Barrett. On the evening of the 19th, Mrs. Browning made her escape from her father's house, joined her husband, and the pair sailed for Havre.

A word about the building which witnessed this memorable union. It is not inappropriate that the Brownings, to whom Greek art and thought meant so much, should have been married in a church modelled on the Erechtheum at Athens. St. Pancras was begun on July 1, 1819, when the Duke of York laid the first stone. The architects were Messrs. Inwood, who have credit by the cella and portico. What propriety there was in superimposing such a steeple, the upper portion of which is copied from the Tower of the Winds at

Athens, classical purists (and these not hopelessly bigoted) will readily decide. Another grave defect is the introduction of ill-executed Caryatides towards the eastern end. The pulpit and reading-desk are remarkable, having been made from the wood of the "Fairlop Oak" in Hainault Forest, blown down in 1820.

Better known in connection with the Brownings—now, indeed,



CASA GUIDI, FLORENCE, WHERE MRS. BARRETT BROWNING DIED.



19, WARWICK CRESCENT, PADDINGTON, WHERE BROWNING LIVED.

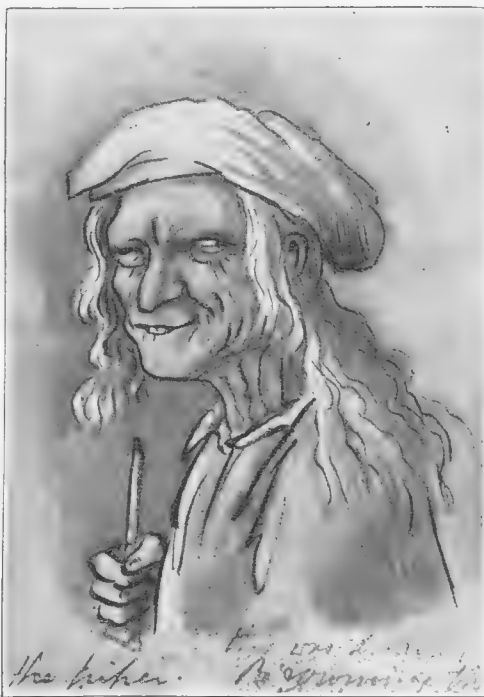
Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

inseparable from their memory—is their home for many years in Florence, the Casa Guidi. After spending the winter of 1846-47 in Pisa, the poets removed to Florence, where they finally settled. In the Casa Guidi, with short intervals of absence, Mrs. Browning passed the remainder of her life. In the old palace Robert Barrett Browning was born. There Mrs. Browning tasted the joy of restored health, and there she fulfilled her engagement that “she had not left the rhyming art in order to marry”; on the contrary, she promised “a great deal of work.” It seems a strange perversity of fate that the poem most closely identified with her Florentine home, “The Casa Guidi Windows,” cannot be counted among her very highest efforts. But there Mrs. Browning finished what she herself considered her “most mature” work—“Aurora Leigh.” Everyone knows what idyllic happiness the life of the Casa Guidi was. Seldom has immortality been won by artists whose home-life was happy, but the Brownings, of whom a friend wrote, “God help them, for I know not how the two poet heads and poet hearts will get on through this prosaic world,” contrived “to do a great deal of work, besides surprising the world by the spectacle of two poets coming together without quarrelling, wrangling, and calling each other names in lyrical measures.”

At Casa Guidi, on the morning of June 29, 1861, Mrs. Browning died. On the evening of July 1 she was borne through its portals for the last time and laid in the little Protestant cemetery that looks towards Fiesole. Florence mourned her sincerely, and on the house which her memory has consecrated the municipality placed a marble slab inscribed with letters of gold. The inscription, composed by Tommaseo, runs: “Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who in her woman’s heart uniting a scholar’s wisdom and a poet’s eloquence, with her golden verse linked Italy to England. Grateful Florence placed this memorial A.D. 1861.”

Very soon after Mrs. Browning’s death, Robert Browning quitted Florence for ever, and having spent some months near Dinard, came to London, where he went into lodgings. He had declared that he would never take up house again, but the discomfort of apartments led him to break his word. Sending to Florence for his furniture, he settled at 19, Warwick Crescent, Paddington, choosing this house partly because it was near Delamere Terrace, where Miss Arabel Barrett was then residing. Browning disliked London, but he felt that his duty to his child called him to settle there for a time, at any rate. The early days of his bereavement were very dark, and his residence, though not without prettiness in itself, seems to have afforded him little solace, for the surroundings were dreary; even Warwick Crescent was not, in 1861, so tolerable to the eye as it is now, but, for all that, Browning learned to appreciate the outlook from his house. Even in those days he could have found, had he chosen, fairly pleasant walks in his neighbourhood, but some perversity seems to have turned his steps to the forbidding scenes of Harrow and Edgware Roads and Paddington Green.

No. 19, Warwick Crescent, was Browning’s London home until 1887. In June of that year he removed to De Vere Gardens. The house in Warwick Crescent was never quite desirable, and the poet welcomed the opportunity of leaving it. To his first London house he had carried many relics of Casa Guidi—carved oak and rich tapestries. These found an ampler resting-place in Kensington, where, too, the poet was able to



MR. BROWNING’S IDEA OF THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

arrange adequately his library, which contained six thousand books collected by his father and many added by himself. In Warwick Crescent they had been forced to stand rank behind rank on crowded shelves. He looked forward eagerly to the task of putting the library in order, but his strength was never equal to the completion of the task. It may interest some to know that the idea of the Browning Society occurred to Miss Hickey and Dr. Furnivall one day in July 1881, as they were on their way to pay a visit at Warwick Crescent.

## BROWNING AS ILLUSTRATOR.

“The Pied Piper of Hamelin” has prompted all sorts of artists in all sorts of mediums. The latest, as we all know, is Mr. Harry Quilter, who is the second to attempt its serious illustration in book form. The poet himself would be astonished to see it as it is now given to the world, with every line printed and ornamented by hand, and in all its glory of stained, gold-stamped, leather binding, repoussé panels of solid silver, and best Japanese vellum.

By a curious chance, just at this important crisis in the poem’s career I have come across Browning’s own pictorial conceptions of the Piper himself and of what I take to be the—

One who was lame  
And could not dance the whole of the way.

If I am right in this conjecture, his expression shows it to have represented him just at the moment when he

became assured  
[His] lame foot would be speedily cured.

That of the Pied Piper is, of course, of paramount interest, for here we have the poet’s autograph presentment of the protagonist of the poem. Here is the strange figure who—

Was tall and thin,  
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,  
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,  
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,  
But lips where smiles went out and in—  
There was no guessing his kith and kin.

The drawings, here reproduced somewhat smaller than the originals, were given to their present owner forty years ago, and have just been unearthed in time to be confronted with their latest apographs.

To those who have adopted the counterfeit presentment of the Piper as pictured by Miss Kate Greenaway in Messrs. Routledge’s edition, which is, I believe, now out of print, it will come as something of a shock that the artist’s conception is quite out of keeping with the youthful, sad-eyed, tender-hearted minstrel delineated by that gifted lady.

G. S. LAYARD.



THE TOMB OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING IN THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY, FLORENCE.



## TOMMY ATKINS'S HAVEN OF REST WHEN THE DAY'S WORK IS DONE.

## OLD SOLDIERS AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

Foreigners who visit our shores have often observed that England's charitable institutions are frequently more magnificent than her palaces, and in saying this they do our country great honour. Chelsea Hospital illustrates this observation in a pre-eminent degree. To Charles II., gay and giddy monarch though he was, the veteran soldier owes a debt of gratitude; nor should—if tradition speaks truth—his enthusiasm be expended on the Merry Monarch only, for Nell Gwynn deserves a testimonial of thanks, since it was at her instigation that the King turned his thoughts to the building of a refuge for the old and disabled defenders of our country, and so laid the foundation-stone of Chelsea Hospital on the 12th day of March in the year of grace 1682.

Not so very long ago a public-house stood in the vicinity, with the head of Nell Gwynn as a sign, and a short inscription stated that she was the originator of the idea of building a refuge for old soldiers. An anonymous author of "The Life of Eleanor Gwyn" writes as follows of Nell's part in the Chelsea scheme. How far it is correct I am not prepared to say—

Another act of generosity which raised the character of this lady above every other courtesan of these or any other times was her solicitude to effect the institution of Chelsea Hospital. One day, when she was rolling about town in her coach, a poor man came to her carriage-door, soliciting charity, who told her a story—whether false or true is immaterial—of his having been wounded in the Civil Wars, in defence of the Royal cause. This circumstance greatly affected the benevolent heart of Miss Gwyn; she considered that, besides the hardships of their being exposed to beggary by wounds received in defence of their country, it seemed to be the most monstrous ingratitude in the Government to suffer those to perish who stood up in its defence. Warm with these reflections and in the overflow of pity, she hurried to the King, represented the misery in which she had found an old servant, and entreated that she might suffer some scheme to be proposed to him towards supporting those unfortunate sons of valour whose old age, wounds, or infirmities rendered them unfit for service, so that they might not close their days with repining against fortune, and be oppressed with the misery of want.

Among those who materially helped the funds for building the Hospital was Sir Stephen Fox, the son of a Wiltshire squire and an

ancestor of Lord Holland. He gave £13,000 towards the building of the Hospital, while Tobias Rustat, an under-keeper of the Royal Palace at Hampton Court and Yeoman of the Robes to Charles II., gave the

sum of £1000, and presented the charity with that colossal statue of Charles II. which stands, clad in Roman habit, a dignified presence, presiding over the principal court of the Hospital.

Of the photographs here given, the first represents John Moore, aged eighty-four, a most distinguished soldier, who was wounded in the face at the Siege of Delhi.

Miss May Ross holds the hand of Sergeant Lawson of the 11th Hussars. Miss May is the grandchild of Sir Donald Stewart, the present Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and flits like a sunbeam on a winter's day amid the old courts and their inhabitants. Sergeant Lawson was badly wounded in the arm in the ever-famous Balaclava Charge of Oct. 25, 1854, and his horse was shot under him as he came out of the mêlée. His arm was amputated on the field of battle by Dr. Cross. A lasting friendship exists between doctor and patient, and every Sunday the old soldier goes to Chester Square, where the physician resides, to have a chat about old times. After the loss of his arm, he was obliged to leave the service, and has since been a hall-porter at Claridge's. There the Grand Duke Michael—who, in the Crimea, was in command of the Russian forces—came to stay, and made himself acquainted with Sergeant Lawson's history, after which he would never pass the door without joking with the doorkeeper over the different parts they played in the battles of old, and Duke and porter would fight them all over again in their long talks together.

Edward Oddling and a drummer-boy are the subjects of the next picture. The former was wounded in the foot in a war with the natives in New Zealand.

The photographs were taken on a cold winter's day at the end of the year, and it was pleasant to mark the warmth and comfort that reigned in the wards, and in the great hall where the old soldiers sit at their games of piquet and dominoes, as absorbed in their little victories over each other as though the fate of nations depended on the issues of their games.



JOHN MOORE, WHO LOST HIS EYE AT THE SIEGE OF DELHI.



SERGEANT LAWSON OF THE 11TH HUSSARS, WHO LOST HIS ARM AT BALACLAVA, AND MISS MAY ROSS.



EDWARD ODDLING, WHO LOST HIS FOOT IN FIGHTING THE NEW ZEALANDERS, AND A DRUMMER-BY.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

The name of Professor L  gros is one always associated with expressed admiration and honour, but, for some curious reason, it cannot be said to be widely popular. The real cause, doubtless, lies in the fact that Mr. L  gros' art, fine as it is, noble as it is, is yet touched with a certain austerity that keeps the public somewhat apart from it. Some genuine

the present volume the case is different. Mr. Smithers freely acknowledges that "many things appear in it which would not have appeared had Mr. Beardsley been living"; but he "saw no harm in producing some of his earlier and immature work," seeing that, as a matter of fact, Mr. Beardsley was dead. Mr. Smithers also declares that, though the present volume does not reach "the high standard of work in the first book," it is his opinion that it is equal to the other in interest, as showing the development in Mr. Beardsley's art. Still, it is as well to remember that many things would not have been published "had Mr. Beardsley been living."

The drawings, then, are frankly of unequal value. In some, one thinks to recognise the days when it seemed Mr. Beardsley's most cherished care to offend the sentiment and the feelings not so much of the ordinary public as of believers in a definite sort of civilisation. Such are the two Messalina drawings, the first of which is altogether odious and abominable, a thing unendurable and vile. A hitherto unpublished "Beatrice Cenci," too, strikes one as being exceptionally weak; the face is actually impotent, and the "Incipit Vita Nova," as well as the cover design for "The Houses of Sin" already published, are among his essays in the curious art of repulsion which at times he exercised with so deliberate a mischief. On the other hand, a head of R  jane (p. 99), which Mr. Beardsley with much emphasis excluded from his first book, is here published, and is a thing of remarkable beauty; there is something even a little ecstatic about it, and the decorative setting is both distinguished and composed. There are others in the same line of beauty, though not reaching quite to this height, and some have, of course, been published before. There is the book, however, to be taken or left, another sign, if not quite another proof, of the real genius of this amazing artist "dead before his prime. Who would not weep for Lycidas?"

The illustration by C. D. Gibson, entitled "In the Garden of Youth," which I reproduced in a recent issue from the book "Sketches and Cartoons," issued by Mr. John Lane, is the English copyright of Mr. James Henderson, of Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, to whom acknowledgment should have been made. Mr. Henderson will also publish in this country a volume of the sketches by Mr. Gibson of "The Education of Mr. Pipp," which are at present delighting all readers of the New York *Life*.



CONWAY MOUNTAIN.  
*A Photographic Study by G. Daviser.*

artists have, happily for themselves, the double quality which makes for both excellence and popularity. Some have only the one which makes for excellence; some workers only that which makes for popularity. Mr. L  gros stands among the merely excellent artists. He never condescends to an audience, but, having a fine gift of expression which is touched by nothing common or mean, he works quietly and certainly upon his artistic way, with increasingly noble results.

These points are raised by the exhibition of his work, associated with that of the Countess Feodora Gleichen and Mr. Edward Lant  ri, at Mr. van Wisselingh's Gallery. The three manners are related in curious contrast, although Mr. L  gros' style is incomparably the grandest and the most classical; but, where he is austere even to severity, the Countess Gleichen is tender and suggestive, while Mr. Edward Lant  ri is touched with a quicker spirit; more piquant and more airy. The "Fontaine Murale," which combines the work of all these artists, is an excellent example of each style, while the unity arrived at is extraordinary and most engrossing. But the exhibition should be visited, apart from this interesting collaboration, for the sake of Mr. L  gros' fine drawings and also for his distinguished sculpture.

Two photographic studies are reproduced in these columns, and, though both are of landscape, they present very different points of view. Mr. Courteney Shaw's "A Day in February" shows the light caught at a most mysterious moment; and Mr. G. Daviser's "Conway Mountain" is an excellent view of rugged scenery. Photography grows daily more of an artistic sport. Your photographer hunts for his quarry and captures it with the momentary skill of a fine sportsman. He enchains the speeding sun in his mesh, and catches a fast cloud in the centre of its flight.

Mr. Leonard Smithers has published a "Second Book of Fifty Drawings," by Aubrey Beardsley, which cannot fail to renew the old controversies that have fluttered around the name of this artist since his first appearance and until his premature death. Mr. Smithers, in his brief introduction to the book, mentions that all the drawings published in the former volume were selected by "Mr. Beardsley and myself together," and "he allowed no drawing to appear in it with which he was dissatisfied." With



A DAY IN FEBRUARY.  
*A Photographic Study by Courteney Shaw, Lordship Lane.*



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## THE PERCY HOUNDS.

Until 1892 the Percy Hounds enjoyed the distinction of hunting the most northerly corner of England, right up to Berwick and the banks of Tweed; but in that year, on Mr. W. C. Selby's accession to the Mastership, it was decided to divide this big tract of country, and lend the "tip of England" to Mr. Burdon Sanderson. This arrangement continues, and Mr. Addison Cresswell, of Cresswell Hall, Morpeth, presides over a territory which provides sport four days a week. Mr. Cresswell became Master of the pack in 1896, and, in hunting language, "carries the horn"—that is, hunts the hounds himself. The Percy is famous as a scenting country, and, as the fields are large and the fences small—more especially on the eastern side, along the coast—there is no better ground for fast hunting in all England. The railway, from the spot where it crosses the river Aln to Belford, on the borders of Mr. Burdon Sanderson's territory, passes through the best of the Percy country, the comparatively flat lands bordering the sea. Here you find the old grass pastures beloved of hunting-men, for old grass carries scent better than anything else; and intermingled with the grazing-lands are tilled areas which commend themselves for the stiffness of the soil; plough in this district does not mean the slow hunting it means too often in softer clay countries, for scent lies well there, and even after heavy rains it is always firm enough to gallop over. Somebody has said that the ideal of hunting would be always to "run hill-foxes in grass country"; but inasmuch as the law of compensation ordains that hill-foxes, which are bigger, stouter, and stronger than their lowland brethren, shall be found in country rarely good for riding, this ideal is seldom enjoyed. Mr. Cresswell is one of the fortunate few who do enjoy it, for the gorse coverts in his best country are stocked with foxes of the hill breed whose true home lies farther inland on the higher and (from a hunting point of view) less delectable moorland. Good foxes need good hounds to do them justice, and these Mr. Cresswell has in the splendid pack of seventy couples kenneled at Greenrigg. There is no better-bred pack in the North.

## DOMESTIC AFFAIRS AT THE "ZOO."

The Reminiscences of the late Mr. A. D. Bartlett, "Wild Animals in Captivity," compiled by Edward Bartlett (Chapman and Hall), suffer somewhat from the fierce light that beats upon the throne and kingdom at Regent's Park. Sensational or curious incidents at the "Zoo" seldom fail to "get into the papers," for minor Frank Bucklands are many, and the courtesy of the late Superintendent was unvarying: hence, many of

the anecdotes included in this book have been told before. Nevertheless, these peeps into the inner life of the "Zoo" will delight all who take the smallest interest in animals, for Mr. Edward Bartlett has judiciously catered for the popular taste, reserving the records of his father's invaluable scientific observations for another volume. Here we have Mr. A. D. Bartlett, in the capacity of surgeon, lancing the face of the late lamented Jumbo, cutting off rhinoceros' horns and lions' claws, officiating as dentist to a hippopotamus with toothache, acting nurse to strange and forlorn beast-babies fated to be reared by hand; and turning, at a

moment's notice, into the alert and ingenious zoological detective, devising, as if by inspiration, means for the recapture of some dangerous escape. The position of Superintendent affords unique opportunities of observation, and provides many unique responsibilities. Mr. A. D. Bartlett's intimacy with wild animals began almost before he could walk, in the old Exeter 'Change Menagerie, where, as an infant, lion and tiger cubs were his playmates: to this he probably owed the absolute fearlessness which made light of facing bear or wolf at large with no better weapon than a broom, or none at all. No training, however, could have invested him with the readiness of resource, tact, and ingenuity which so peculiarly fitted him for his post. Cool courage is not rare; but not one man in a million combines with it the quick-wittedness and diplomacy in coping with emergency which Mr. Bartlett often displayed. Mr. Edward Bartlett has ignored conventionalities in putting his father's notes together—indeed, the result is something of a jumble, but it is an eminently readable jumble.



A GROUP OF PERCY HOUNDS.

From a Painting by H. F. Lucas Lucas, Rugby.



MR. ADDISON F. CRESSWELL, M.F.H., ON HIS BAY HORSE, WITH A FEW OF THE PERCY BITCH HOUNDS.

From a Painting by H. F. Lucas Lucas, Rugby.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S FAMOUS STORY "PHROSO" TOLD AS A PLAY IN NEW YORK,  
And Pictured by Byron of New York.



Watkins (Mr. Morgan Henderson). Lord Wheatley (Mr. Faversham). Phroso (Miss Jessie Millward). Hogvardt (Mr. Backus). Denny (Mr. Joseph Wheelock).

*Act I.—Lord Wheatley, having bought Neopalia, an island off Turkey, takes possession of it with his friend Denny, his valet Watkins, and his courier Hogvardt. Attacked by the natives, they make a prisoner of the Lady of the Island—Phroso, for short—disguised as a boy.*

Lord Wheatley.



Constantine (Mr. Guy Standing).

Ellena Kurioti (Miss Eleanor Moretti).

The High Priest (Mr. George Pearce).

Phroso.

*Act II.—Constantine, the cousin of Phroso, leads a treacherous attack on Wheatley; but the islanders turn upon him when the Englishman exposes his design to entrap their lady into a false marriage. And Wheatley, at the prayer of Constantine's true wife, stands up for his enemy.*



MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S FAMOUS STORY "PHROSO" TOLD AS A PLAY IN NEW YORK,  
And Pictured by Byron of New York.



Mouraki Pasha (Mr. Benrimo).

Phroso.

*Act III.—Phroso, to save herself from the Turkish Governor of the island, Mouraki Pasha, threatens to commit suicide.*



Constantine.

Ellena Kurloti.

Lord Wheatley.

*Act IV.—Constantine's wife, Ellena, turns his wrath from Lord Wheatley by telling him that it is on Mouraki he should be revenged.*

## THIS IS SCHOPENHAUER'S BIRTHDAY.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

A hundred and eleven years ago to-day Arthur Schopenhauer was born at Dantzig. How many of us remember the fact, even though Schopenhauer himself wrote: "The time will come when the man who does not know what I have said upon a subject will be accounted an ignoramus"?



SCHOPENHAUER AT THE AGE OF 30.

I remember it being pronounced by one of our leading dailies some few years ago that Kuno Fischer's monograph, "Arthur Schopenhauer," taken in conjunction with another book whose title and authorship I forget, would practically and speedily make an end of the great pessimist's already tottering reputation. This oracle, at any rate, has not, in Sophoclean phrase, been wafted with favourable winds towards its goal, for it would be next-door to, if not quite, the truth to say that among writers of the very first order Schopenhauer more than any other is at this century-ending in the mouths of men. Of complete editions of his works we have, first and foremost, the handsome "original" library edition in six volumes by Frauenstädt, and published by Brockhaus; then an edition of

smaller size and at lower price, in twelve volumes, with introduction by Steiner, and published by Cotta; and, thirdly—perhaps the most significant monument to his popularity—the pocket edition, consisting of six volumes of works, four volumes of manuscript remains, and one volume of letters, elaborately edited with full critical apparatus by Grisebach, and published in Reclam's world-widely circulated cheap and excellent "Universal-Bibliothek." The existence and unintermitting currency of these three editions alone must be taken as a very creditable account for a philosopher of rapidly waning influence to give of himself. Beyond this, however, we have a more or less constant flow of books by writers of specific authority who seek to illuminate their own particular departments of study by comparisons with the views or hints appropriate to the purpose which they have met with in Schopenhauer's pages. Among the most interesting and recent of these I may note Max Joseph's "Schopenhauer's Fundamental Doctrine in Psychology," and Max F. Hecker's "Schopenhauer and the Indian Philosophy."

Only last year a new Life of the philosopher was issued, forming one of a high-class popular series of biographies called "Geisteshelden." It is by Edward Grisebach (the above-named editor of Reclam's Schopenhauer volumes), and can be recommended without reserve as fulfilling its purpose admirably. It contains, moreover, a very pleasantly reproduced portrait from an oil-painting of 1858, which strikes us at once as the adequate visible record of the man whose heart and brain had produced the series of immortal works we know. I may further make mention of an extremely interesting little book (also by Grisebach), called "Schopenhauer's Conversations and Soliloquies," in which has been brought together a quantity of matter which had previously to be sought for in scattered publications.

And now, on the other hand, how stands it with Schopenhauer's chief antagonist in the world of thought, with Hegel, whose philosophic teaching he was never weary of opposing, and for whose admirers he pronounced the derision of Posterity to be in store? The answer is best given by Ludwig Schemann, who, on page 430 of his "Schopenhauer-Letters" (1893), says: "If anyone thinks I have alleged too much, a consideration of certain bibliographical facts pertaining to the last half-century will convince him to the contrary. Between 1840 and 1850 a portion of the Hegelian writings ('Gesamtausgabe') reached a second edition, then in 1854 'Das Naturrecht,' by itself, a third. In 1870 the Encyclopædia appeared once more, and therewith an end. Thus, then, during the space of a human generation, a single Hegelian work a single time reprinted; since the date of his proclamation (by Rosenkranz) as German National-Philosopher, both he and his works have altogether disappeared from the German book-market." For those who, "through evil and good report," have adhered to Schopenhauer for the greater part of a lifetime, it is not unnatural to feel some deeply inward satisfaction at the decline of a spiritual influence so diametrically opposed to his, and, if questioned as to the precise nature of the teaching to be discovered in his pages, why should we hesitate to reply, once more in the words of a German philosophic writer, Raphael Koerber?—

Man is free in so far only as he is without desires; unconditionally and unalterably free in so far only as he stands superior to the totality of the objects of human wish, or, what is the same thing, has established the centre-of-gravity of his being in a sphere which is outside that of sensuous perception, which lies, therefore, above all relativity, and which may even be said in some sense to transcend the jurisdiction of Fate itself. No wish stirs so long as man holds himself to the world in the relationship of pure thought; desires are at rest for ever when man has "overcome" the world, and is consequently beyond the power of wishing anything further from it. . . . Schopenhauer's imperishable achievement it is to have set our modern humanity free, to have invested us, therefore, with the highest of all Goods, or, at the least, to have pointed us out the way to its attainment.

ALFRED FORMAN.

The new "Protestant" attack on Ritualism promises to give some liveliness to Parliamentary business, at a time when a new topic is sadly wanted. For this reason it may probably engage a good deal of public attention. It is obvious to an unbiassed observer that neither the "advanced" High Churchmen nor their assailants possess anything like the importance that they ascribe to themselves, or, sometimes, to each other. We have had the same wrangle over the same points more than once already, and nobody seemed one penny the worse—or the better—at the end of it all. The militant leaders of the Protestant crusade are not exactly Luthers or Calvins for intellect; nor is it easy to imagine how any movement can be made wiser by Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., nobler by Sir William Harcourt, or purer by Mr. Kensit. Nor, on the other hand, do the defenders of Ritualism excel their foes in any remarkable way.

At the same time, the excessive pretensions and elaborate rituals of certain of the clergy of the Church of England are undoubtedly of the nature of a public nuisance, and require to be abated by any methods not involving martyrdom or a colourable imitation thereof. It is not so much the question of Roman use; it is that for racial, climatic, and historical reasons the English race objects very strongly to certain acts and doctrines. The objection is not merely religious; it is carried into all departments of life. We object to an infallible hierarchy as we object to conscription, a State Opera House, and an authoritative Academy of Letters. We cannot, with the best of will, swallow recondite or mystical doctrines, such as that of Transubstantiation, for much the same reason that we don't like Macterlinck. The average Englishman, when asked to believe that some apparently trivial act or meaningless formula of words done or pronounced by a person with no appearance of extraordinary power has produced some tremendous but wholly inexplicable and almost unthinkable effect, suspects that he is being made the victim of a bad joke. He no more sees the religious symbolism of stoles and albs and chasubles and birettas than he realises, as a rule, the æsthetic and humorous possibilities of fancy-dress. His sensuous and æsthetic perceptions are backward in development; he resents any too vivid appeal to them.

This is what the average "advanced" clergyman does not and will not understand. He is generally not—to put it mildly—a person of commanding intellect. His methods are not original, but consist in doing what he has seen done abroad, or read of in books. His ritual is imitated from Rome, but he does not carry it out with the confidence and traditional ease of the Roman ecclesiastic. He is possessed with the Anglo-Saxon fear of looking foolish that dulls the gaiety of Covent Garden, and when he does not feel foolish, it is too often because he is so. And, while he is, as his average hearer puts it, "dressed up" in an incongruous garb worn with evident misgivings, his evil genius possesses him to make the large claims involved in the sacerdotal theory. "Well," says the British business-man, however devout, "I don't want to tell all my private affairs to any man; but, if I *am* to confess, as he calls it, I think I wouldn't choose a young man with his hair parted in the middle and no back to his head, got-up like the fancy-stall at a charity bazaar!"

With the Roman Catholic it is different; he realises that behind the young and possibly foolish priest is the tremendous power and dignity of a world-old and world-wide hierarchy, which is really very strong, and looks a great deal stronger than it is. The volume of the Church's voice sounds—in imagination—through the thin tones of the insignificant person in pulpit or confessional. The weak points of this magnificent corporate self-assertion do not rush out at the observer as do those of the Anglican zealot. There is not the feeling that the High Church enthusiast this side of the way is being contradicted by the Low Churchman across the road and undermined by the Broad Churchman round the corner, besides being snubbed by his Bishop as a firebrand. A devotee too yielding may have a hard time of it in the "Ould Church," as Mulvaney pointed out; the organisation is exacting overmuch. But with a resolute and reserved adherent, the hierarchy can establish a sort of *modus vivendi*, forbearing to insist on inexpedient details, and content with acquiescence in broad, general doctrines. Ecclesiastical history, studied like any other history, is the most dangerous solvent of Catholic orthodoxy, for it shows us how things happened, and how what we were told was supernatural inspiration reveals itself as either worldly wisdom or lucky blundering.

The Ritualist never gets so far as to appeal to history to prove his infallibility. All he can do is to prove that he has a right to exist alongside of a number of persons of very different views in the Church of England. He cannot contend that all his views were ever generally and exclusively held. Papist or Protestant or Erastian had triumphed in turn. High Church has often ruled the roast, but never *this* High Church, even under Laud.

But I hardly think the Ritualist will go to Rome himself, though he may send some of his hearers. In the majority of cases, he has a craving for notoriety and position. Opprobrium and persecution give him this. To be Kensit-bitten is to be famous in a High Church penny paper. But reception by Rome would end all this; the daring venture would become the commonplace routine of life; vestments no more red rags to Protestant bulls, but a prescribed garb. The exhilaration of lawlessness would be gone. Fancy being compelled to "dress up" every day!—MARMITON.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER

"The Storm," by the Russian dramatist Ostrovsky, is the new volume in the "Modern Plays" series which Messrs. Duckworth are publishing. It was written nearly forty years ago, and even Russian provincial life has changed in that time. But it is almost incredible that such a state of things as the drama exhibits should have been possible in Europe less than half-a-century back. A remote country-town is the scene, and the subject is the domestic tyranny which reigned there unchecked behind closed doors. There might be revolting spirits, but, unless they were vested with parental or marital authority, they only dashed themselves to pieces against their cages. Indeed, the note of revolt is rare. On one hand is arbitrary power brutally exercised; on the other, abject, helpless submission. Here is an extract from a parting scene between a mother, her son, and his wife—

MME. KABANOVA. Why are you standing about? Don't you know the way to do things? Lay your commands upon your wife; exhort her how she is to live in your absence. [KATERINA looks on the ground.

When the feeble young man leaves home, he begins to drink, and he drinks till he comes back. Katia finds a lover. But though husband and lover both pity her, are both attached to her for her gentleness of nature, neither one nor the other makes the slightest stand against the domestic tyrant. Kabanov is as wax in his mother's hands. Boris meekly goes off to Siberia at the command of his uncle. And the river is the only bed of rest for Katia. Then her husband, who has never protected her, who does not know how to protect himself, looks out at life despairingly. His mother blocks every prospect of hope. "It is well with you, Katia," he says. "But why am I left to live and suffer?"

Granted the possibility of such a state of things, and of the common existence of these two temperaments side by side—the bully and the fatalist—Ostrovsky's drama is very striking. The simplicity of its plan and methods could not be surpassed. Unless at every moment one thinks of it as on the stage, one may do it injustice. The words are very sparing. Each one is meant to tell, and to be helped out by action. The words do not always seem to me adequate, but, then, it is a



THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE SHOOTING AT COOMBE WARREN.

KABANOV. But she knows quite well without that.

MME. KABANOVA. The way you talk! Come, come! give your commands, that I may hear what commands you lay upon her! And then, when you come back, you can ask if she has performed everything exactly.

KABANOV (standing opposite KATERINA). Obey mamma, Katia.

MME. KABANOVA. Tell her not to be saucy to her mother-in-law.

KABANOV. Don't be saucy.

MME. K. Not to sit with her hands in her lap like a fine lady.

K. Do some work while I am away.

MME. K. Not to go staring out of window!

K. But, mamma, whenever has she . . .

MME. K. Come, come!

K. Don't look out of window.

And so on, till he says good-bye to his wife, who falls on his neck. Whereupon the mother screams, "What do you want to hang on his neck like that for, shameless hussy? It's not a lover you're parting from! He's your husband—your head! Don't you know how to behave? Bow down at his feet!"

translation, and not a very poetical translation evidently, that we have here. It is better, as well as more prudent, not to rush to the conclusion that Ostrovsky is a rival of Sophocles and Shakspeare. He has even a good deal less skill than Ibsen. But he has done a masterly thing of its kind: has seen a drama of strong human interest in actual life; he has not forced and twisted human life into a drama.

In Mr. Laurence Housman's new book of fairy or mystic tales, "The Field of Clover" (Kegan Paul), I have found, amid a good deal of puzzling and rather vaguely beautiful matter, one tale of surpassing pathos and skill, "The Passionate Puppets." For its sake alone the book should rank high. It is only a story of two wooden dolls and their inventor; but there is genius in every line, and it is a pleasant acknowledgment for a critic to make to whom much of Mr. Housman's work is unsympathetic. Here, in this puppet story, he is working in Hans Andersen's vein, and as rival, not mere imitator. The book is illustrated by himself, and the illustrations have been engraved in a workmanlike manner by Miss Clemence Housman. A. M.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE HUSBAND OF MRS. BROUGHAM.

BY E. F. SPENCE.

Mrs. Howard rocked herself in the easy-chair and cried: big, bitter drops fell from her large blue eyes, making tracks through the bloom of powder which masked her cheeks. For once she looked her age—a few months more than thirty-five; as a rule, she passed for six years less. Crushed in her dimpled white hands was a letter. The door was opened suddenly and a man entered, a handsome fellow, with a face marred by signs of dissipation. As he came in, she jumped up and thrust the letter behind her back.

"What's the matter, little woman?" he asked. "Oh, let me see the letter!"

She gave it to him reluctantly—

DEAR MADAM,—By arrangement with the famous American house of Clarkson and Clarkson, we are in a position to offer you the sum of £7000 (seven thousand pounds) for a novel of not less than 150,000 (one hundred and fifty thousand) words, to be delivered to us within ten months from this date. The sum named to cover all rights in all countries. We are prepared to pay £1000 (one thousand pounds) down as deposit on signature of a proper contract, to be forfeited if we do not accept and pay for the manuscripts on delivery. In case of forfeiture, all rights to revert to you, and you to have no further claim on us.

"Splendid!" said Mr. Howard; "grand! and the thou. will be awfully useful."

For a minute there was a silence that made her sobs sound painfully loud.

"What's the matter? what's the matter?"

"I can't, can't write it."

"Nonsense! What do you mean?"

"I ca—can't."

An ugly look came into the man's face. "Nonsense! I've noticed you've turned lazy, but—but you'll have to work; my money has run out. I'm utterly dry, and we must live on your work at present."

"Oh, but I can't, I can't!"

"Confound you! Say something else. What's the matter? What does it mean?"

The poor little woman hid her face in her hands, and, in a voice broken by sobs, made her confession. As the cruel truth came to him, Mr. Howard's face grew harder and harder. He looked almost fifty instead of thirty-five. Ere she had ended, he gripped her pretty, plump arms fiercely, and his nails scratched the white skin; he flung her back so roughly that her face struck the back of the chair, and her mouth and nose began to bleed. Reckless of this, the man cursed her till his breath and vocabulary were exhausted.

Nelly Hewson was the pretty blonde daughter of a poverty-stricken Devonshire parson. So dull was her home-life that when George Brougham, "the London writer" (so she used to call him), proposed to her, she accepted him without even asking herself whether she liked him. At first the marriage was quite a success. After the dull little Devonshire sea-coast village, London appeared to be an earthly paradise, while on the £500-a-year that George made by his political writing he was able to give her what seemed a life of luxury. They even saved a few pounds the first year. However, she quickly became acclimatised and dissatisfied. Other women not so pretty as she were better dressed and went everywhere, and she felt jealous. She was good enough to hide her discontentment for a while.

A remark made by one of her friends—"I wonder you don't write something and make money, you're so clever!"—set her brain on fire. She locked herself in her bedroom for three hours with pen, ink, and paper; at the end of the time the penholder was half-eaten, there was ink on her dainty fingers, the paper remained almost spotless, and the big forget-me-not eyes were reddened by tears.

However, Nelly was a woman of determination, and that evening she said to her husband, "George, I'm going to ask the editor of the *Record* to give me some work; you'll see that I do it all right, and don't make a fool of myself—and you?" He laughed and promised, taking her speech as a joke.

When she came home next day, she said triumphantly, "He's given me an article to do on 'Women's Clubs,' but isn't to pay for it unless it's good enough—you'll have to write this one, just to help me as a start, won't you, darling?"

Of course, George wrote the article: it was a labour of love for love. He was tired of his ordinary austere work. The man had fallen into a groove too early in life. His success at "The Union" had caused him, as soon as he left college, to write long, clever, critical letters on political questions to the Conservative papers, to which he had the privilege of signing his name, without, however, receiving any payment. After a little while the *Globe* took him up, and gave him a weekly article, anonymous, but paid for; and without going through the mill—that is to say, without going into the gallery—he acquired something of a reputation. In truth, it was an absurd twist of destiny which turned his literary gifts into the field of politics, where his imagination, if, unfortunately, not quite useless, could hardly find full scope.

Nellie was able to help George in the article on "Women's Clubs" by giving him some information gleaned from her friends. The result

was a clever, lively piece of work that astonished him and delighted the editor of the *Record*, who promptly offered Mrs. Brougham a weekly column in the paper, with the privilege of choosing her own subjects. The day when she came home with this news to George was probably the happiest in his life. The extra guinea and a-half a-week were of no little importance, while Nellie had never shown herself so demonstratively affectionate. She begged him to begin writing the next week's article at once, and implored him to put aside his own "silly, dull stuff." He refused, and persisted for a while in his refusal, for the sheer pleasure of being coaxed, caressed, and cajoled. Of course, he gave way in the end; he took her out to dine at a restaurant in honour of the occasion—she had not been long enough in London to have grown tired of restaurants—and afterwards, when they came home, dictated to her a column of really brilliant copy about lady journalists. The poor fellow had to sit up almost all night in order to finish his own work, but was not unhappy, for the little woman came down several times in her dressing-gown to look after him and give him a caress and something to drink.

This was the beginning of the tragedy.

The man found in the weekly articles a vent for the ideas that used to attempt desperately to creep into his political copy, and he was audacious, a little reckless, sometimes unconventional, and almost always brilliant. After a dozen of the articles had appeared, people began to talk about "N. B.," which, of course, was the signature, and the other papers served up as much of her column as the copyright laws would permit; so in a few months she was almost famous in the little world of letters. Indeed, within the first half of the year, overtures were made to her by the editors of other papers. The first of these brought about another fête at the house—or rather, at the restaurant. George was delighted by the success of his work, pleased by an additional two guineas a-week, and amused to see his wife's calm assumption of importance. The second was greeted with less enthusiasm by him; when the third came, in the form of an inquiry whether Mrs. Brougham would like to submit any short stories to the editor of the *New Magazine*, her husband showed signs of rebelling. The truth was that he had noticed, with pain, a very curious psychological phenomenon. His wife, even towards him, had begun to assume the airs of a literary woman. Nellie was cunning; but had little tact, taste, intelligence, or true education. The poor husband, who long had been blinded by her beauty, at last grew pained to find that, when he was dictating her "copy" to her, she often failed to understand the finer points. She used to ruin delicate sarcasms by putting in the "not" that had been carefully left out, while every subtlety of language which produced an unexpected phrase provoked discussion, based, in her case, on entire ignorance. Nor was it possible for him to convince her that his stern abhorrence of all the *clichés* and stale ornaments of the journalist was well founded. However, she was wise enough to give in, though unconvinced. Consequently, when she uttered before him phrases that suggested something like an active partnership in the writing the merits of which were quite beyond her understanding he felt sore. Moreover, he had lately undertaken some new work of his own, not over well-paid, which left him little leisure.

The evening on which Nellie induced George to write the first of the brilliant series of "N. B.'s" stories saw as cruel an instance of the weakness of man and the craft of woman, of the power of beauty and defencelessness of love, as the world's history can show.

Life became superb for Nellie; their income grew large, so the Broughams moved to a fashionable district, and got into fashionable Society. The "dear little woman," in order to lessen her husband's labours, took upon her plump white shoulders the management of all his business affairs, and even, in order to save him trouble, had his banking account transferred to her name. Moreover, she charitably gave a timid old schoolfellow the post of ill-paid secretary in the house.

It was pleasant to see "N. B." in Society. She earned a great reputation for modesty. Instead of bragging about the quality of her work, which almost every year increased a pound per thousand words in price, she adopted a very humble attitude, and, like Mr. Toole in "The House-Boat," was constantly saying, "Oh, it's nothing!" Moreover, to do her justice, she was constant in asserting that all the merit in it was due to her husband's advice and teaching. George happened to be a case of "Wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll," and the result of her candour was disastrous to him, for no one believed her. After he began to write for his wife the style of his political copy changed. It lost its somewhat dry, academic form, and became lively, human, and witty. People began to hint to one another that the improvement in his style was really due to the influence of that "dear, brilliant, pretty, modest little woman!"

The "N. B." series had not been running long when one of the big London dailies, breaking through tradition, begged Mrs. Brougham to write a *feuilleton*, and offered a superb price. This almost proved to be a last drop in the cup. George was already tired of his position as "ghost." His wife was in such vogue that she was asked everywhere, and he had far too much work on his hands to be able to accompany her. Furthermore, his home life was growing unendurable. In the early days of Mrs. Brougham's literary struggle she used to entertain a great deal; there were editors to dinner, and proprietors to dinner, and fellow-craftsmen to dinner, and people of all kinds to "At Homes" and

receptions. The woman was a really clever housewife, and George a gourmet, so he enjoyed thoroughly all the delightful little dinners. However, as soon as she found that the editors were running after her, she ceased to entertain—ceased, indeed, to take any care of the house—and George was left to the tender mercies of the cheap cook engaged in place of the *cordon bleu* who had ruled the kitchen during some months. Worse still than that, Mrs. Brougham no longer coaxed, caressed, or cajoled; she became an almost brutal task-mistress, and yet the poor fellow, who had a great deal of the woman and of the dog in his character, never ceased to love her. If some eulogistic reference to her writing caused Nellie's eyes to beam and induced her to give him spontaneously a somewhat empty kiss, the poor fellow thrilled. He was hers, alas! and she knew it too well—hers, body and soul, and at the bottom she had a feeling of contempt for him and his stupid, unselfish worship. More painful still was the fact that he half-guessed what her feelings were, though he never permitted himself to admit the truth of his guess.

George accepted the *feuilleton* as he had accepted the short stories and the weekly articles. The man really had genius, and the intense longing for expression which is one of its characteristics. He threw himself almost fiercely into the task. The strain was unnerving: he had his political work to do, and it involved not only hours of writing, but also of reading. In addition were the four weekly articles for her, and, skilful as he was in concealing his ignorance of some of the subjects, they demanded no little study or inquiry. On top of them came this labour of writing the daily instalment of a novel; yet his only true happiness was in the hours, sometimes stolen from the early morning, when he sat imagining and setting down his "up-to-date" version of Becky Sharp. The novel took the town promptly. The younger critics spoke of a "Thackeray with a *fin-de-siècle* tone," of "a George Eliot with a dainty touch," of "a Brontë with knowledge of the fashionable world." It was a commonplace to suggest that only a woman could have produced such a superb picture of a woman painted truly from the inside. No one guessed who was the real heroine! Mrs. Brougham never had an idea that she was sitting as model, nor was the hapless husband really aware that he was painting his wife, and committing a monstrous act of treason.

Nellie became the cynosure of London. She might be seen at all fashionable "first nights" and every important reception, and each dress that she wore was chronicled. Half the men in London made love to her—vainly. So far as they were concerned, she was irreproachable, and no man could boast of having had his name linked with hers, even in the most scandalous drawing-room. All the world envied the lucky George Brougham, whose lovely wife always spoke well of him, who was supposed to live in luxury upon her earnings, and had no cause for jealousy though every lady-killer in London had besieged his wife. A constant subject of conversation was her extraordinary ease in working: she was to be seen everywhere; people made calculations of the time she spent being photographed, at the coiffeur's, in the hands of the manicurist, on her bicycle, at the theatre, and all the events of Society, in the Park, and with her dressmaker; and, reckoning it at fifteen hours to the day, were staggered at the quantity of brilliant copy which she produced.

According to her, the secret lay in the three words—"constant observation" and "shorthand."

"I am writing all day long," she used to say. "I pretend to myself that Gladys Thornton"—the heroine of the novel—"is myself, though I hope I am not so dreadful a person, and she is with me in my mind all the time, so that, when I go home to write, the only difficulty is to know which of my ideas and impressions I ought to leave out." Few people noticed that in actual speech she never said anything clever; one or two critics observed this, but they themselves were far too wise to utter new epigrams in Society at the risk of having them overheard and sent in by some other journalist to his paper as his own.

The poor husband who slaved at home found life a heavy burden. It was all work and no play, and he began to fear that he might become a dull boy. Yet there were moments of happiness, moments when new thoughts and ideas sprang into his mind, and he had the grand gladness of creation. At those times he forgot that another reaped the renown: it was art for art's sake—pure joy in the fact that he was the chosen channel for ideas which caused the world to thrill. He grumbled a little at the badness of the dinners, and even complained timidly to Nellie, who, however, explained in perfect good faith that she really had not time to attend to the house, since a woman in her position was compelled to go about a good deal and show herself in Society, lest she should fall back in the race for public favour. So George took to drinking a little too much at meals in order to wash down badly cooked food, and, since he took no exercise or fresh air, his very moderate intemperance began to tell on him.

One night a sudden fit of curiosity to see his wife in Society came over him. She had gone out an hour before to an "At Home." He sought his long-neglected dress-clothes, put on the best of his ill-tended shirts, trimmed the cuffs with his razor, borrowed a white neck-tie from the butler who gave a delusive air of splendour to the house, and drove to the Grosvenor Gallery, where the wife of a popular actor-manager was giving a reception. When he reached the door, he suddenly recollected that he had no card. The attendants were startled by the grim, cold laugh that came from his lips at the thought of the only way by which he could frank himself. He went forward and mentioned with a ghastly smile that he was the husband of Mrs. Brougham. The poor fellow walked through room after room—he was too late to be announced

formally—gazing at the people, and looking for his wife. At last he saw her, holding a little court, with a crowd of men and women round her, every one of whom was a "leader" in some species of Society. She looked lovely, dressed audaciously in a superb gown that set off her well-moulded figure. In a mirror at his side he beheld his own image, and was horrified by the contrast between husband and wife. Then he slunk out of the place, his brain confused and crowded with fierce thoughts. He walked home recklessly through the rain, and as he walked his ideas gradually took a definite form. He would be loyal to Nellie. Why not? After all, it was his fault, not hers; but he would assert himself, and write a novel under his own name, which by its quality should compel the world to recognise that he too had genius. Afterwards he would give up all the hack-work, politics, and chitter-chatter articles, and, while he laboured loyally to keep up Nellie's reputation, he might earn popularity and fame for himself. The rain gave him a troublesome, persistent cough. For a few months he worked prodigiously, adding to his already over-heavy task the burden of the new novel, concerning which he told her nothing. Suddenly he fell seriously ill.

Society was touched almost to tears by the devotion of Mrs. Brougham to her husband during his illness. The editor of the daily paper threatened legal proceedings because she refused to go on with the *feuilleton*; but, when she said that she did not believe any Court in the land would give damages against a woman because she nursed her husband instead of writing fiction, he gave way. Mr. Brougham acquired a species of vicarious public importance, which, however, took a somewhat displeasing form, since the daily bulletins were generally headed "Mrs. Brougham's Husband." Articles appeared citing her case as evidence of fact that people of genius had obligations towards the world which rendered the contracting of domestic ties a kind of treachery; others, however, were written pointing out that she proved it to be possible for a woman of genius to be a good wife, and that a literary career did not unfit a woman for home life. The little woman really was heart-broken. To be just, it should be said that she had thoughts beyond those of mere vexation and terror as to her position. As she watched the poor, lank, cadaverous fellow tossing painfully in his bed, memories of the old days when she had a feeling that might have ripened into love for him came into her mind. She nursed him zealously, and never left the chamber, because she was afraid that in a light-headed state he might ruin her reputation. Her conscience, though remarkably "robust," was touched; she made vows of amendment, if not of reform, and determined that, when he got well, although she could not disclose the secret of the authorship, she would do her best to make him happy. After some weeks, during which the flutter of the wings of the Death Angel could almost be heard in the room, George Brougham took a step towards health, and the doctors soon said that he was out of danger. When the bulletins began to speak of the improvement in the health of "the Husband of 'N. B.,'" the papers grew importunate for copy. Almost the very day on which he was allowed out of bed, despite the doctor's warnings, he took up her novel again, though he refused to touch any other work. To be fair to her, she did not press him. On the evening when his weary white lips pronounced the word "Finis" he fell ill again.

There was a week of desperate battle, and then the doctors gave up hope. Poor George was conscious for a few moments before his death, and his last words, understood only by one of those round the death-bed, were full of comic tragedy: "My poor little woman, I don't know how you are going to live up to the reputation for which I have died!"

George Brougham had a splendid funeral—as the husband of Mrs. Brougham—there were cartloads of wreaths and crosses, and the procession of carriages was highly creditable to London.

After a few weeks spent not unpleasantly at the house of an Earl whose wife had literary tastes, Mrs. Brougham went home, still dazed at the loss she had sustained. She was in a lamentable plight. During George's lifetime she had spent and over-spent every penny of his income, and even discontinued paying the premiums on his heavy life-insurance. There was no cash in the house, no cash in the bank; she borrowed some money from a publisher, who lent it eagerly, and then determined to have a sale.

On going through George's papers, she came, to her surprise, upon some sixty thousand words of the novel that he was writing for himself. Fancying that it was written on her behalf, she cried bitterly over it, infinitely touched by what she looked upon as a new mark of his affection; if the poor fellow had come back from the grave, he would have found for a while one of the most loving wives within the four seas.

Luckily for her, he had made a short synopsis, and, armed with a copy of this and the first five thousand words of the novel, she made a splendid bargain with Messrs. Sheffield and Warning, and got a handsome amount of money in advance. Then she began to dole out the rest very slowly, constantly pleading ill-health, and so great was the quality of the work that the publisher durst not harass a novelist who might desert him subsequently for one of his rivals.

The courtship of Mrs. Brougham was one of the interesting affairs of the season. After a comparatively short period of mourning, she sacrificed herself to the wishes of her friends and reappeared in the world. In dainty widow's weeds she looked delightful. It became quite "the correct thing" for a man to be a suitor for her hand, and she was besieged by rich and poor; even titles were placed at her pretty feet. Though she professed to be inconsolable, everyone expected that she would soon change her name, and a large amount of copy was made out



# "ZAZA," THE TALE OF A CHANTEUSE, PLAYED IN NEW YORK.

*From Photographs by Byron, New York.*



Mr. David Belasco's version of MM. Simon and Berton's play (originally played by Réjane, and now by Mrs. Leslie Carter, at the Garrick, New York) tells of Zaza, a low-bred chanteuse in a provincial café-chantant (shown here in her dressing-room). Zaza has made a bet that she will induce Bernard Dufrène, whose wife and child are for the moment in Italy, to take her to supper. He yields. The curtain next goes up on a cottage in the woods of St. Etienne, where for the last few months the pair have been living an Arcadian and blissful existence. But Zaza is roused from her dream of happiness by the intelligence that Bernard, whom she has got to love, is not a single man,



and she is seized with tigerish jealousy and determines to be revenged on his wife. Arrived at the house, she finds only his child at home; but its innocent chatter completely disarms the enraged woman, and she comes away with her purpose unfulfilled. On returning home, Zaza has a scene with Dufrène, and ends by driving him out of the house. Two years elapse and Zaza turns up, a Parisian "star" of the first magnitude, after a long absence in America. Dufrène waits outside the Théâtre des Ambassadeurs, and vainly endeavours, after the performance to persuade Zaza to pick up the thread again where it was dropped. Zaza is a changed woman, and sends the man back to his family.

of rumours and denials. The number of serious admirers soon diminished, for the impecunious, who hoped to live in luxury upon her earnings, quickly found that "the sweet little widow" was far too shrewd to be caught by them. By the middle of July there were but three men believed to be in the running. One was the editor of a big daily paper, the second a wealthy landed proprietor, owner of a famous collection of gems, but generally deemed the biggest bore in London. Richard Howard, commonly called "the Napoleon of South African finance," was the third. His wealth was supposed to be enormous, his financial operations were known to be gigantic, and, while he was popular in the West-End, the City shook its head when his name was mentioned. He was a handsome fellow, mysterious of origin, and noted as a hard-liver. No one was surprised that Howard won the game, for he was a man of immense energy and perseverance.

The wedding was one of the most gorgeous "functions" of the year, and the illustrated papers made a "boom" of it, though some of the literary papers groaned, since it was announced that Mrs. Howard had determined to write no more, because she found that writing recalled too many painful memories. The honeymoon was cut short by rumour of a financial panic, and Howard had to rush back to London. His failure was perhaps the most important feature of the "slump." He used some vigorous language when he read in one of the papers that it consoled itself about his disaster by the reflection that literature would be the gainer, since it might compel Mrs. Howard to use her great gifts once more. However, he promptly made up his mind that he would act upon the idea suggested by the paper.

Poor Nelly was not a woman's woman, and so had not any friend to whom she could tell her troubles. Consequently, no one can tell how much she suffered in the cruel time between the panic that ended in ruin and the day when she received the letter which forced her to tell her husband of the imposture for which she was to be appallingly punished.

On the evening of the day when Mrs. Howard made her confession, her husband, who had dined out, came home late, to some extent under the influence of drink, and in a very bad temper. Luckily, he caught sight of a letter lying open on the dining-room table. It was from a millionaire newspaper proprietor, and stated that he proposed to produce a new sixpenny illustrated paper which was "to make London hum." The object of the letter was to inquire whether Mrs. Howard would accept the post of editor on any and what terms. Howard gave a drunken yell of pleasure. Next morning, after a cruel scene with his wife, in which he told her savagely that her reign was over, and she would have to do just what he chose, he went to answer the letter in person. Howard was a clever man, and knew a great deal about journalism, since, before he became a financier on a grand scale, he had made several speculations in newspapers successfully, and even done some active managing work.

The result of his interview was most satisfactory. Mrs. Howard was appointed editor at an absurdly large salary, with a fixed engagement for three years, and six months' salary was paid in advance. Howard was appointed manager on very good terms—the City had grown dangerous for him after his failure and the facts that came to light in consequence of it. A fortnight later all the papers were talking about the loss by Mrs. Howard of the second half-manuscript of the novel written for Messrs. Sheffield and Warning. It was the topic and mystery of a week. The publishers requested her to make an effort to re-write the work, and quoted the cases of Newton and Carlyle to her. However, Howard dealt with them cleverly, and, as a consideration for retaining the money already paid on account, promised that they should have the next three novels from his wife's pen at an agreed rate of apparently remarkable modesty.

Mrs. Howard is now the editor of the *Weekly Illustrated*; she has two of the cleverest sub-editors in London, and her husband shows surprising skill as manager, consequently the paper is not unsuccessful. The proprietor is discontented because Mrs. Howard will not write for the *Weekly Illustrated*, but has to admit that the only agreement on the point was that she should not write for any other paper.

London has few unhappier creatures than Mrs. Howard. Her husband treats her badly, and even sometimes is guilty of cruelty when he is intoxicated. He is notoriously faithless, and yet fear of disclosure of her fraud keeps her from the divorce proceedings recommended by her few friends. She does not go into Society, for Howard leaves her hardly enough money to buy even decent dresses; her beauty has gone, washed away by constant tears. The papers have ceased to write about her silence, and even the humblest paragraphist turns up his nose at the idea of inventing rumours as to her plans. The other day, her husband, whose room at the office is next to hers, heard a loud cry, and, when he went in, found her lying insensible on the floor. In one hand was a photograph of the Academy picture of "The Vampire," sent in for reproduction in the paper. "Great Scott!" said the man, "she has been slow in understanding how she bled that poor devil Brougham to death!" A doctor was called in, since the amateur efforts of the staff to revive her were fruitless. He had some difficulty in bringing her round, and afterwards told her husband that, from the state of her heart, he feared that when, in the course of a few months, she became a mother, she would be unlikely to survive the event.

#### NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

## BARGES AND BARGEMEN.

Bargemen are as numerous in class as the barges they navigate, but the ideal representative of the calling is he who threads the rivers and canals to distant parts of the country in a jaunty craft, painted in bright, gay hue, which gauges about twenty-five tons, and is known as a monkey-barge.

Everything is trim aboard, from tow-rope to tiller, the only incongruous object being the stove-pipe of the cabin perforating the deck astern. Below is the bargeman's home—his kitchen, bedroom, sitting-room, all in one. He shares this little retreat with his wife, who is also a helpmate in his work, with his family of chubby brats, his cat and dog. Where they all find room is a mystery. But, if restricted in dimensions, the refuge is a warm nest, and the bargeman lives there, apparently in contentment, from one year's end to another, sometimes from decade to decade. How he manages to get on in such an extremely limited space during those domestic storms that come to trouble the connubial bliss of most married people at one time or another, is matter for conjecture. No doubt he has often occasion to ruminate, after the fashion of that "Cheap Jack" presented to us by Charles Dickens, who remarked that twenty years in a cart with any woman would try the best of us, but that twenty years in a cart with a woman who had a temper would try the worst of us. Let it be hoped, for the bargeman's sake, that his better-half is of a sweeter disposition than the wife of that "Cheap Jack."

The monkey-barge navigator enjoys a fair measure of independence, in so far as he is not a salaried servant. Sometimes, indeed, his craft is his own; but, whether owner or freighter, he is paid by the trip, conveying his cargo from one place to another for a specified sum, and providing all the manual and horse labour required on the journey himself. He often travels a long way before attaining his destination. Example: he carries a large share of the sugar consumed in the Midland counties from London to Birmingham, as well as other foreign produce to various centres farther north, returning with hardware, pottery, pig-iron, coal, and from Aylesbury with condensed milk, the great home-centre of its production, which will be a surprise to many people who imagine we draw all our supplies of tinned milk from the Continent.

Every master of a monkey-barge has a gun and a dog, who is often a lurcher, but, whatever the breed, he is tolerably sure to prove as good in dealing with feather and fur as in the performance of the more sedentary duties of a watch-dog. And so he need to do, for his master is an inveterate poacher, who requires canine assistance as much for surreptitious sport, as to drive away the swarm of pilferers who are a source of constant anxiety to him when his craft lies moored alongshore.

The famous old Roman town of Rochester, on the Medway, is the home of the barge. There they are to be found in numbers—in course of construction, of equipment, waiting to be chartered: great topsail, stumpy, monkey, dumb barges, London canal-boats, lighters.

The pay of the men who navigate these last three categories of craft is four-and-sixpence a day and four shillings a night. The money is well earned, too, for the bargee is out in all weathers, doing day and often night work. He has, moreover, a heavy load of responsibility on his shoulders. Taking goods from a ship's side, he requires to exercise all his sagacity to see that he receives his due. And when his freight is stowed away and he has his pass in his pocket, sometimes, after waiting about the dock for days until his parcel at length comes up out of the hold, he must keep his wits about him, to make sure he is not robbed on his way to his destination. But a bargeman has not much to learn on that score. He is up to all the tricks of the trade, as of those who seek to prey on him, and the man who would catch him napping, so long as he is sober, requires to be a very early riser indeed. Perhaps his worst deceiver is the gay ship's clerk. That smart party, although thoroughly imbued with a desire to perform his task honestly, if he can, will not hesitate at trifles to enable him to turn out his cargo correct. The bargeman likes his drop, and, not being proof against alcohol, beer and whisky sometimes get the better of him. When that happens, anything may follow. But let me hasten to add that, what with his life in the open air and hard work together, he is able to take a very considerable quantity of strong drink without being inconvenienced by its effects. To see a bargeman intoxicated while at work is quite as rare as to meet with a drunken policeman, and this redounds all the more to his credit, as his path is beset with pitfalls at every step until he gets fairly under way with his charge on the water.

The bargee's course of navigation is not always smooth. Take, for example, that trip he is often called upon to make, from Limehouse to Kensal Green, in a London canal-boat gauging some 75 tons. He wants every minute of fourteen hours to get over the distance at one stretch. The ticklish part of the voyage is going through Paddington tunnel, which is pitch-dark. It takes an hour or two to get from one end to the other. From the time the bargeman loses sight of daylight until he emerges from the obscurity, he has to lie flat on his back and work his craft along by pressing with the soles of his feet against the arched roof. Such a thing reads almost incredible as occurring in this country, within the Metropolis, in this century of progress; but so it is.

Formerly a bargeman served a seven years' apprenticeship, and then obtained the freedom of the river. Now he passes an examination, and receives a waterman's licence. In the old days they were not incorporated into a society. Recently they have been welded together for mutual protection and support in moments of difficulty. Although the union is not yet a powerful one, it counts a good many members, and the payments to a general fund are coming in with satisfactory regularity. E. V.

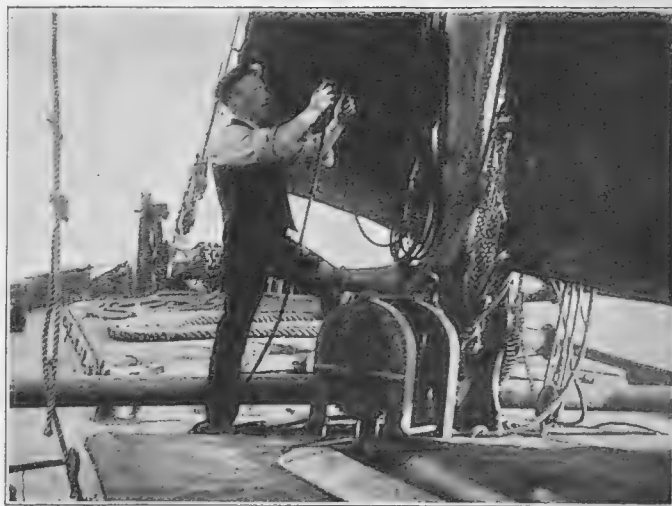


BARGES AND BARGEMEN.

*From Photographs by Mr. Pilkington.*



UNLOADING TIMBER.



GETTING UNDER WAY.



OFF STROOD.



A DUMB BARGE.



THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.



A RUDDER ON LAND.



PUMPING.

## WHAT STEVENSON DID IN SAMOA.

No modern man of letters who has written in our language has had anything like the personal charm for his reader that Stevenson possessed. While we are still waiting for Mr. Sidney Colvin's biography, Miss Black has written one sketch of Stevenson, and Miss Eva Blantyre Simpson (the daughter of the discoverer of chloroform) has written another. Again, in the current issue of *Scribner's Magazine*, side by side with such



A RARE STEVENSON DOCUMENT.

topical subjects as the Spanish-American War and the Anglo-American Alliance, a prominent place is given to Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's article, "Stevenson at Play." And yet one of the gossips has been seriously criticised. This is Sir T. Berry Cusack-Smith, our Consul-General at Valparaiso, till recently British Consul at Samoa, who has been telling a Valparaiso magazine, the *Record*, what he thought of Stevenson. Before dealing with this, I ought to notice that Sir Berry has been very adversely criticised by Mr. Sidney Colvin and by Stevenson's cousin, Mr. Graham Balfour. Mr. Colvin's charge is practically this, that Sir Berry craved for notoriety, and did not get it in the Vailima Letters.

This gentleman [says Mr. Colvin], notwithstanding his responsible official position, filled no considerable place in Stevenson's life or thoughts, and was hardly ever mentioned in his correspondence. That on his part he had no eye for the qualities of "R. L. S." is plain. To those who knew Stevenson, the most spontaneous of men and talkers, Sir Berry's picture of him preoccupied during a conversation in deliberately "preparing a remark" in character, for his interlocutor to carry away to quote, is too comic for words. It would seem that Sir Berry found him one day a careless or tired listener, and could only account on this theory for his lack of attention.

Again, Mr. Graham Balfour denies Sir Berry's statement that Stevenson had advised Mataafa throughout the rebellion, had assured him that the British Government would never take steps against him, and Mataafa had disregarded all warnings, and pinned his faith upon Stevenson's promises; while Mr. W. E. Clarke dismisses as "nonsense" Sir Graham's story that Stevenson regretted having written his trenchant pamphlet against the egregious Dr. Hyde, who wrote "Damerndown." After these denials and repudiations, we may take Sir Berry's stories with a grain of salt.

Sir Berry, among other things, pictures Stevenson mounted on a big piebald circus-horse. Imagine one of the thinnest men that the writer of the reminiscences ever met, fragile-looking, effeminate in appearance, long black hair descending to his shoulders, a face that in repose gave one the impression of weariness and discontent, and a mouth that was perhaps suggestive of a vindictive temper when roused; imagine this personality, clad in a velvet coat and a yachting-cap, whose shape was lost in the distant past, bestriding a great parti-coloured steed! The manner in which Stevenson acquired this animal was as follows: A circus arrived in Samoa, was welcomed, and duly patronised for a few days. There were then no more spectators, neither was there any steamer to take the circus to some more lucrative shore. There would be none for four weeks, and ruin stared the circus in the face, so, to raise the necessary money, the great tent and a steed were sold, and the novelist bought the latter. The horse met with an untimely end. He strangled himself with his own tethering-rope. In his later days the novelist bestrode a small pony named Jack, a quadruped known by repute to the readers of the Vailima Letters. Sir Berry says that Jack, to his rider, appeared a dangerous, untamed, fiery steed. To the general public he was a beast well-shapen, small, mild in disposition, and suitable for the horse-exercise of children. When Mrs. Stevenson left Samoa finally, in 1897, Jack was given to Mr. Carruthers, the leading lawyer in the British Court. "No one shall ever ride him," said his new owner, a well-read, cultured gentleman. Enthusiasm was evoked by this noble sentiment, but, alas for the futility of human plans and promises!—as Burns and other gentlemen have before now observed. At a Gymkhana held at a farewell entertainment given to Sir Berry, the "Cigar and Umbrella Race" was won by Jack, jockeyed by Mr. Carruthers' Samoan servant! The rascal had borrowed him

without asking permission of his master; doubtless he knew he would not have obtained it.

Mr. Stevenson, it would seem, was a lawn-weeder *con amore*. In the Vailima Garden one afternoon he observed to Sir Berry, "I think there is no occupation so engrossing as weeding. I get so enthralled by it, weeding out each tiny weed, that I cannot tear myself away. They have to come out and literally drag me in to my meals. I could weed all day."

I will conclude this paper with Sir Berry's description of Stevenson's last resting-place on the mountain, the ascent of which, he remarks, was a favourite expedition—

Out from the half-light of the dense forest, on to a little plateau cleared of its undergrowth and trees, and here is a large concrete tomb, such as the Samoans raise over a great chief. On each side is a metal tablet bearing an inscription—one a familiar verse of Stevenson's, on the other "O le ololisiga O Tusitala"—"The grave of Tusitala," Stevenson's Samoan name. Then follow verses 16 and 17 of the 1st Chapter of Ruth in Samoan: "Where thou dwellest," &c. Fitting words for one who loved Samoa as he did. Fitting resting-place for Tusitala. Here from his grave the eye can wander over most of the scenes that he loved. There, hundreds of feet below you, is the little town of Apia; here, sheer down beneath, is Vailima, looking but a speck among the trees. Away over the countless coconut-palms on the German Plantation is the scene of the defeat of the German Marines, of which he wrote in his celebrated book, "Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa." Further away is the hill of Vaibele, and behind you are the silent mountains that watch, in the immensity of their age, the little fitful lives of us children of a few short years.

## A RARE STEVENSON DOCUMENT.

Every owner of the "Edinburgh" Stevenson knows that Volume XXVIII. contains, among other material, a number of "Moral Emblems," tiny cuts with letterpress, which Mr. Stevenson for his own amusement printed in child's-play at odd times between the autumn of 1880 and the summer of 1882, collaborating with his step-son, now well known as Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, but then a child. They are tiny little books, most of which would be counted quite valueless, I fear, were they not associated with Mr. Stevenson. As it is, and because so few copies have been preserved, they are well-nigh priceless. One of these Davos pamphlets, it is curious to relate, has escaped the industry of the Editors of the "Edinburgh" Stevenson—Mr. Sidney Colvin and Mr. Charles Baxter. It is a little four-page pamphlet, one side of which I reproduce here. The other sides contain the words, "Printers, S. L. Osbourne and Co.; Davos Platz, 1882," and "To M. I. Stevenson, Feb. 11, 1882, from R. L. Stevenson and S. L. Osbourne." "The Marguerite. Lawks! what a beautiful flower!!—T. S.," runs the legend reproduced. It is curious that Stevenson collectors should be prepared to pay several pounds for a trifle of this kind. It is a fact, however. The only copy of this leaflet that is known to exist, so far as I am aware, is in the possession of Mr. Thomas Wise, the well-known book-collector.

## THE STEVENSON LETTERS.

I am afraid that Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is to be added to the order of novelists who do not write good letters. At the first blush, it might be thought that any successful novelist would make a good letter-writer, a better letter-writer than the average man. The contrary would seem to be usually the case when the matter is tested by experience. Scott, Charlotte Brontë, and Thackeray were admirable letter-writers; their letters when written to people of kindred intelligence were always exceedingly interesting. Dickens, George Eliot, Jane Austen, and, in fact, a large army of novelists whose letters have been published, have demonstrated that letter-writing was not their most brilliant characteristic. Stevenson's letters, so far—and two instalments of them have appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* (January and February 1899)—are exceedingly dull reading, as were the Vailima Letters that went before them. No doubt, Mr. Stevenson's letters will be interesting when his editor reaches the literary men with whom he was in correspondence; his letters to Mr. Meredith, to Mr. Barrie, to Mr. Gosse, and other contemporaries, had, doubtless, good matter in them. These *Scribner* letters, however, addressed from Edinburgh to some friend in London, are, as Professor Colvin admits, in a somewhat minor key. Most of us can only yawn over them. It would have been better for Stevenson's reputation had they not been published.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S OLD HOME AT VAILIMA, SAMOA, RECENTLY LOOTED IN THE SAMOAN-GERMAN TROUBLES.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

It is lucky for backers that Kendal Boy has been struck out of the Lincoln Handicap, as he was the mystery-horse of the race, and plenty of speculators deal in "unknown quantities," to their cost. The race may presently prove a big speculating medium; at present, however, the



SAN FRANCISCO LADY CYCLISTS.

Photo by Walter Burke, Christchurch, New Zealand.

market is very unreliable, and I doubt whether one could back any animal engaged to win £10,000. I still think Kopely will run well. The horse likes the course, and he is undergoing a good preparation. Of the three-year-olds, I like Mazeppa the best. She was a useful two-year-old.

Grand National gossip is at a premium just now. Nothing is known of the doings of many of the horses engaged—indeed, the majority of the likely runners seemingly are on the easy list. Gentle Ida has done very little work, but, if she is all right on the day of the race, I shall take her to beat all-comers. I should very much like to see Manifesto win again, but he may not be quite so good as he was two years ago. Drogheda will, I think, get over the course, and Cathal I like very much. I was told that this useful gelding was much fresher than his jockey at the end of the race last year.

I have noticed lately in the Club enclosures of Metropolitan meetings many smartly dressed women, but the ladies will, I am sure, pardon me for telling them that we of the racecourse are exacting critics, and we claim to be fair judges of shades, for this reason: All the time we are looking through the glasses at some of the most lovely colours it is possible to manufacture, and even the ladies must admit that the shades of silk worn by some of the jockeys would be hard to match for beauty. Racegoers, then, as a body, are good judges of dress, and those ladies who go to Sandown, to Ascot, or to Goodwood can rely upon it that they will have to appear before a critical crowd.

Repeatedly we are told that substitutes have to be found at race-meetings to act for the selected Stewards who fail to turn up, and I think the unjust Stewards ought to be black-listed. Messrs. Weatherby should at the end of each year publish a list of Stewards for all race-meetings, giving details of the number of times each attended. It would be interesting reading. I fancy the Hon. Cecil Howard acts as Steward under both sets of rules oftener than any other gentleman, and he does his duty well, but many of the lords and dukes who lend their names never think of putting in an appearance.

Two big publishers have asked me to write books for them recently, but I have had to decline both offers, as my time is fully occupied in getting a living by following sporting journalism. To pen a work which is supposed to deal thoroughly with any branch of sport would require more time than I have at my disposal just now. Further, I take it the labour involved would unfit one for doing fair justice to little problems like the Lincoln Handicap and the Grand National, events that give the would-be successful vaticinator plenty of food for reflection.

I noticed in a Continental List sent me by a correspondent the other day the following paragraph: "In all matches, commissions are only executed on the favourite." If this means anything, it means that matches are not safe events to bet upon, and it is, by-the-bye, surprising how often the non-favourite is successful when only two horses start in a race. Cautious backers would never think of having a bet on a match; but it would seem as if layers were willing at all times to lay against one, and that one the horse that, on the book, looked to have the best chance of winning. In my opinion, racing would still continue to thrive if all matches were to be abolished.

Mr. R. C. Vyner is one of the best patrons of steeplechasing, but his horses have not been lucky of late, and Mr. A. Gordon, who rides, has had to put up with several seconds since the Newmarket jumping

meeting. I begin to fancy that the fences in the Midlands and the North of England (Liverpool always excepted) are not so difficult to negotiate as those in the South. Thus, we often find horses coming all the way from Ayr, Penrith, or Malton down to Sandown or Gatwick, only to go back without the spoils. I contend that horses that can get over the Sandown course easily can always be trusted to stand up at Aintree. Indeed, the Esher jumping-track is the more difficult of the two.

No doubt many of you have seen the new style of walking-stick with a whisky-flask or a cigar-case let in under the handle. Out of this idea another one might be evolved. Hunting-gentlemen could carry their liqueur brandy and meat-extract lozenges in their hunting-crops, and jockeys might utilise the inside of their whips to take a little drop of Dutch courage in the shape of special Scotch to the starting-post with them. Then, when long waits occurred, they could take a draw at the whip. Better still, the whisky might be given to a fractious horse to help him to get off the mark. If this were done, we should hear no more of starting-gates.

CAPTAIN COE.

## CYCLING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Lady cyclists in San Francisco are as partial to "bloomers" as those on the Continent, and some look extremely graceful in the reformed dress, such as the lady on the right in the illustration, while others—well, they would be better in skirts, which at least take off a little of the awkwardness, instead of accentuating it.

## HUNTING-SONGS.

It is not every day that the hunting-man encounters verse that is of special interest to him. An older generation, it is true, still remember their Whyte-Melville, and the young hunting-men of to-day have now a chance of becoming acquainted with those rattling hunting-songs, for Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. have just issued a volume of Whyte-Melville's verse, with illustrations by Mr. S. E. Waller, of which this is a good specimen.



THE BONNY BREAST-KNOTS.

BEING ONE OF MR. WALLER'S PICTURES TO WARD AND LOCK'S NEW EDITION OF WHYTE-MELVILLE'S VERSE.

*My first is for my darling's head; my second for her hair; my whole, in loops of white and red, I bring her from the fair. She loves it better sung than said, that bonny Scottish air.*

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Miss Olive Bute has just returned from South Africa, where she has made a hit in several Gaiety pieces, notably "The Shop Girl." She made her first appearance as long ago as the production of "Faust Up to Date," and then she joined Sir Augustus Harris's "Venus" Company. For five years she left the stage, returning to join the Adelphi Company in "Black-Eyed Susan." She had a pantomime season at the Shakspeare Theatre, Liverpool, and then appeared in "A Greek Slave." After that, she joined Mr. E. Lockwood's South African Company, playing in "La Poupée," "The King's Sweetheart," "The Man from Borneo," "The Shop Girl," and "The Dandy Fifth."



MISS OLIVE BUTE.  
Photo by Medrington, Liverpool.

original Katie (in which I picture him) of "How London Lives," at the Princess's in 1897, and the "Babe's Apparition" of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's "Macbeth," at the Lyceum. He also played Algie in Mr. Brookfield's charming play. It is surely rare for a little boy to appear as a little girl. The reverse is quite common, of course.

A nephew of Mr. John Bright is playing a small part in one of Messrs. Morell and Mouillot's companies on tour with "The Geisha." Mr. Percy Bright was formerly a concert-singer. This is his first theatrical engagement.

There is certainly a precedent for Mrs. Kendal's denunciation of the Bristol newspapers, which, by the way, have extolled with no uncertain note and with characteristic generosity her exquisite performance as the Elder Miss Blossom. Listen to Fanny Kemble (Vol. II., "Journal by Frances Anne Butler")—

And here I do solemnly swear never again with my own goodwill to become acquainted with any man in any way connected with the public press. They are utterly unreliable people generally—their vocation requires that they should be so; and the very few exceptions I must forego, for, however I might like them, I can neither respect nor approve of their trade, for trade it is in the vilest sense of the word.

As if this were not enough, Fanny Kemble continues—

In the middle of the evening, Dr. — asked if I would allow him to introduce to me one Mr. —, a very delightful man, full of abilities, and writer in such and such a paper. I immediately called to mind my resolution and refused. In the meantime Mrs. —, less scrupulous and without asking my leave, brought

the gentleman up and introduced him. I was most ungracious and forbidding, and meant to be so. I am sorry for this, but I cannot help it; he is —'s brother, too, which makes me doubly sorry. As he is an agreeable man and —'s brother, I esteem and reverence him, but as he belongs to the press gang, I will not know him.

I have already sketched the career of M. Arthur de Greef, the famous Belgian pianist, who is once more with us. He will give a concert at the St. James's Hall during his stay.

Mr. Walter Bentley, the brother of Mr. Faithfull Begg, M.P., the new leader of female suffragists, is not merely the State Teacher of

Elocution in Melbourne, for he still keeps up his connection with the stage by acting as agent for Messrs. Williamson and Musgrove. Mr. Bentley is a journalist also. He runs a paper called the *Saturday Night*, and is a very candid critic of plays and players. As a consequence of this candour, he recently had to defend his paper against an action for libel. Mr. Bentley himself—for he is a barrister—delivered a speech that lasted for two hours and twenty minutes, and the jury, without leaving their seats, brought in a verdict in his favour. A well-known Judge afterwards said, in his club, that this oration was the most eloquent ever delivered at the Melbourne Bar.

There is, of course, no copyright in titles (writes Clement Scott), although authors are often frightened out of them when they have hit upon a good title by accident. I wonder if Mr. George Pleydell Baneroff knows that, on Oct. 6, 1841—which happens to be my birthday—there was produced at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, a play called "What will the World Say?"

Fräulein Vohl, whose picture I give, is well known to English people who make Munich one of their operative Meccas. I believe she is eager to come to London.

Mr. Frank Tyars, who is going to play the President of the Court in Mr. Freeman Wills's new play at the Lyceum, is the only actor who has had a part in every piece that has been done by the Lyceum company since Henry Irving joined it in 1871.

On Saturday next the Crystal Palace Concerts forming the second half of the forty-third series will commence. Herr Ernst Dohnányi, of whom we have heard so much lately, will be the pianist, and Ben Davies will sing. On the following Saturday, Dr. Joachim will pay his annual visit, and, a week later, visitors to Sydenham will be able to hear Giulia Ravogli. Among the other great players or singers engaged, I see the names of Mesdames Suzanne Adams, Clara Butt, and Margaret Macintyre, of MM. Julius Klengel, César Thompson, Andrew Black, and Xaver Scharwenka; and for the annual benefit to Mr. Manns, which is set down for May 6, Beethoven's Choral Symphony will be the attraction. This brief summary of the arrangements suffices to show that the authorities will not depart from the high standard that has made the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts a model of all that a

concert should be. The arrangements for the summer season at the Crystal Palace are at this moment in course of completion.

Miss Maisie Turner is appearing very successfully at the Alhambra, and her songs form a very attractive feature in a remarkably attractive programme. Her beautiful voice and admirable method are shown to great advantage in her Cuckoo Song, with its charming refrain, while in the pert ditty of an "innocent" French Miss, Miss Turner gives in excellent broken English those sentiments which require *chic* and vivacity, combined with refinement, to render them acceptable to a cultivated audience.



MISS MAISIE TURNER.



M. DE GREEF.  
Photo by Crooke, Edinburgh.



## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Immense strides in cycling have been made in the Empire of India during the last two or three years. Not the least notable is the enthusiasm with which the military and public officials have encouraged the pursuit as being of Imperial interest. Owing chiefly to the energy and



NEW METHOD OF CARRYING MAILS IN MADRAS.

Photo by Barton, Bangalore.

enterprise of the Indian Cycle and General Engineering Company, cycle-racing and the application of cycling for practical business, public and private, have made great headway, even in the "benighted Presidency" of Madras, and after a couple of preliminary but very successful race-meetings at the health-resort and garrison-town of Bangalore, under the auspices and management of the leading officials and society in that place, the citizens of Madras organised a strong Committee, with Sir George Moore as President, and the Governor, Commander-in-Chief, and some of the native nobility as patrons.

The call for donations to form a prize fund was generously replied to, the Rajahs of Mysore and Travancore having presented challenge-cups, and two others beside these were provided out of the large donations. The leading tradespeople contributed generously "in kind," with the result that a most tempting display of prizes was made, and attracted such a large number of entries that the management was compelled to extend the meeting over three days instead of two days, as originally arranged, and even then some of the heats had to be run off in the mornings. The large track, which had been constructed with great care and expense in the heart of the city by the company above referred to, had been cut up by a week's incessant and heavy rain, but the times were good and the races keenly contested. The five-mile championship was a dead-heat between the two favourites, Grayson and Sutterby, but was given in favour of the latter in consequence of a "foul" by the former. The one-mile championship was won by six inches. The British Army Cup, the Native Army Cup, and the Native Championship were easily won, but, with the existing excitement, they will not be carried off so easily at the Bangalore meet in July next.

The Governor and Lady Havelock, who afterwards distributed the prizes, were present, and were, as usual, accompanied by the leading society in Madras. The meeting having proved so successful in every respect, the long-discussed Cycle Association for Southern India was formed without further delay. The Indian Cycle and General Engineering Company have contracted with the Imperial Government for the conveyance of mails on bicycles, thereby effecting considerable economy and acceleration in transit. A photo is given in this page of the novel method, since elaborated and patented, by which large loads are conveyed on bicycles. At the time of the outbreak of plague in Bangalore, when great difficulty was experienced in keeping up communication between the different offices, the company came forward with trained riders, and so thoroughly demonstrated the great utility of the cycle that the men have since been permanently taken over by Government, and the system of cycle orderlies largely adopted in

Madras, even to the extent of "unhorsing" some of the native cavalry and mounting them on bicycles.

The announcement I made a fortnight ago that Lord Salisbury had taken to cycling has naturally created interest. The political cartoonist has not missed his opportunity, and we have had pictures of the Prime Minister galore riding the Conservative bicycle with, of course, a Liberal-Unionist brake. At least a third of the members of Parliament are cyclists. There is special accommodation at the House of Commons for storing machines. But politicians are fair-weather wheelmen, and not one has yet been daring enough to ride to Westminster through the mud.

The Right Hon. James Bryce, I am glad to see, reads his *Sketch*. I have advocated special cycling-tracks along the sides of our roadways. And now Mr. Bryce, in a speech recently at the Manchester Art Museum, has advocated the same. I don't know whether Mr. Bryce rides a bicycle himself, but he is certainly an athlete, and he has climbed Mount Ararat, although he did not see the Ark. He is a wiry, shaggy-browed man, and one of the most energetic statesmen in Parliament. Viewing the trouble cyclists have in riding between cabs and 'buses and drays that block our main streets, he urges that large-minded and progressive municipalities should at once provide, on every side of the city, and, if possible, round the city, at a certain diameter from the centre, cycle-tracks especially set apart for the use of cyclists. By means of these tracks it would be very much easier to get quickly into the country. Mr. Bryce, too, has seen the necessity for the railway companies to begin doing something for wheelmen. He even goes so far as to say that Parliament should interfere. He wants to see on all the great lines a cyclists' train, or two such trains, running on Saturday afternoons, with vans specially prepared for carrying the cycles, thus taking riders six or seven miles from the town to have their country run, and then bringing them back in the evening. All this is very excellent. But why hasn't Mr. Bryce introduced a Bill into Parliament? Mr. Balfour is a cyclist himself, and therefore would not have had the heart to oppose it.

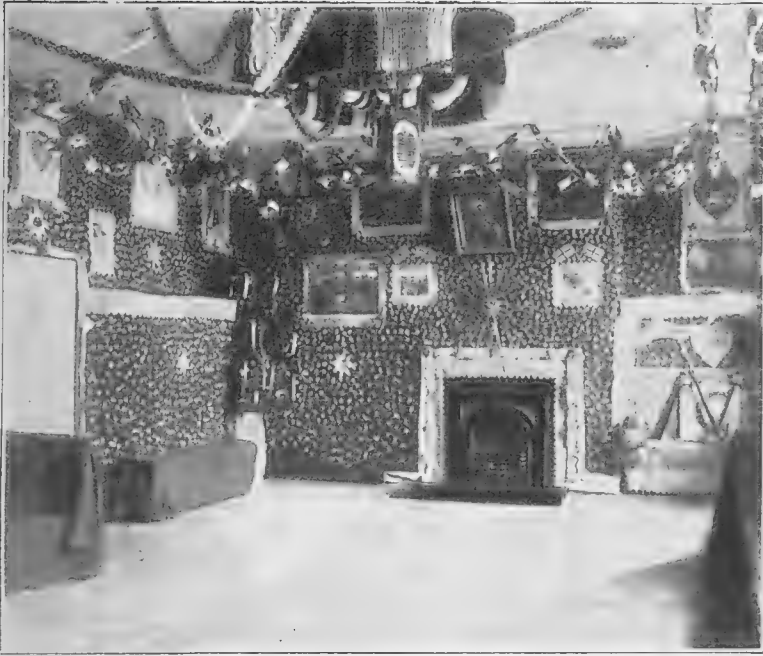
The legal mind is peculiar. A County Court Judge up in Nottinghamshire, while hearing a recent case in regard to a cyclist and a pedestrian colliding, said, "People are entitled to walk across the road, and cyclists must make way for them. Even if a cyclist rings his bell, it is not necessary that people should get out of his way. Cyclists must make way for foot-passengers." This practically means that, if I'm riding along the road and a man deliberately steps in front of me because he doesn't like cyclists, and I knock him down because I can't get out of his way, I'm to pay him damages for not accomplishing the impossible. This absurd old gentleman in Notts is evidently one of those unreasonable, crotchety persons who think all wheelmen should be outlawed. True, a cyclist must bear responsibility for any accident he causes, but the law of "contributory negligence" applies to pedestrians just as much as it applies to anybody else. Pedestrians must take just as much care not to upset cyclists as cyclists must not to upset pedestrians, whatever County Court Judges may say to the contrary.



A NATIVE CHAMPION.

Photo by Venkiah, Madras.

## THE ROYAL CANADIANS.



THE BARRACK-ROOM OF "G" COMPANY OF THE 1ST LEINSTER REGIMENT (ROYAL CANADIANS).



A COMPANY OF THE 1ST LEINSTER REGIMENT (ROYAL CANADIANS) IN WINTER CLOTHING.



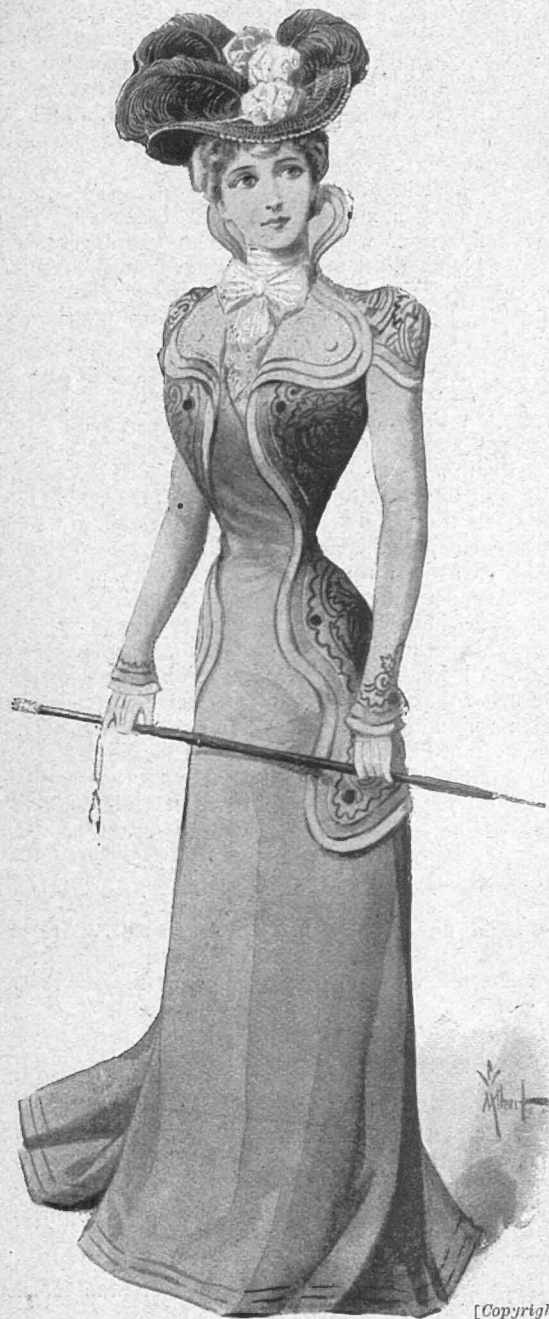
The 1st Battalion of the Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians), now stationed at Halifax, Nova Scotia, had a merry Christmas. The Card which they issued shows the various athletic teams of selected men of the battalion, as well as a group of the officers; an officer and a private soldier in winter clothing, as worn in Canada; and two Maxim-gun teams under an officer, &c. The Card turned out a great success, and a great many were sent to friends in the Old Country by all ranks.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

It will be accepted, I suppose, as one more argument in exemplification of the eternal superiority of the Eternal Masculine even in the mere matter of millinery that another man has suddenly leaped into sartorial fame in the city of dressmakers. Everyone has asked me since I got back from the Lutetian Mardi Gras "if I had been to D's," for beyond



[Copyright.]

THE NEW COAT.

"D——" I will not go in this page, lest it should look like a blatant advertisement. Now, of course, I have been to "D's." As if any woman with a just appreciation of what was due to her sex, much less herself, would have negotiated the smart modistes at this juncture and left out "D——." Assuredly no. I had heard of that millinery potentate as one whose taste and judgment in all matters relating to women and their clothes were nothing short of heaven-born, and to the celestial *protégé* I therefore made haste to bend my steps on the very second day of my emancipation from the semi-civilisation of a Swiss hotel. Up the stairs of a charming house, which was once the meeting-place of an artistic coterie, did a chosen friend and I admiringly mount. The white walls of vestibule and banisters of hand-wrought iron were reminders of the virtuosos whose club this had until recently been; but the very decorative lift in which we were "transported" to the salons, great and small, of Dame Fashion had a more mundane and practical air. It certainly was a veritable surprise to note the lavish and accurate details of each room, one of which was entered by a superb gateway of polished steel and brass filigree, another, after the Fifteenth Louis, being daintily rendered in white woodwork, wherein were consoles, mirror-frames, tables, and furniture generally, all executed in carvings overlaid with rich gilding. An Empire room, with its stiff classicism in lines and laurel wreaths, was redeemed from over-severity by the correct but softening effect of the satin and muslin draping its walls.

A pink salon for trying dresses on the back of beauty, a Louis Quatorze, a Directory, a what not. Gorgeous indeed is the environment of the modern Parisienne when choosing her forthcoming clothes. Groups of gowns and other ineffable garments were placed about the different rooms awaiting that admiration which was certainly their unmistakable due, and, if I did not there and then make a plunge in replicas, it was certainly not from lack of inclination, but rather because of the unloved restraints of that unlovely tyrant named Economy, whose creed is one of cruel renunciation. There was a delicious dress of lavender-blue mousseline-de-soie, half-covered with what is now known as a tunic of exquisite guipure, which was going down to Monte Carlo; and another, of Neapolitan violet mousseline, with incrustations of fine black lace, was intended for the Flower Carnival at Nice, where its much-admired owner showered posies, I afterwards heard, from the coach of Prince and Princess Demidoff. The affable Cerberus who showed us around, indeed, wanted no sop in the shape of an order, being apparently well content to display the fascinating resources of his establishment; but my friend, nevertheless, rendered homage to her inclinations by ordering an enticing little gown in bright beige-coloured cloth, the texture of which was as light and soft as cashmere, but more enduring. The skirt commands at once both admiration and awe, it is so beautifully cut, but so very, very skin-tight that it seems like putting the female form divine on a pedestal that all who pass may read, as they certainly will mark. Below the knee a little fulness develops into a short train. Garlands of an elaborately made silk braid in the same colour outline



[Copyright.]

A SIMPLE WALKING-DRESS.

the pattern of a tunic on the skirt, and border the short bodice and a simulated bolero. Over the front, which is laced up the centre, the laces crossing over a double row of buttons, comes a deep frill of ivory mousseline-de-soie edged with lace and having a large bow at neck in which sparkles a square buckle of dull gold and paste. The bolero,



according to the newest canons, is split up the back. It is a delightful little frock, "Très simple mais très chic," as its creator assured us it would be.

As ornaments for the much-decorated dress of the day, guipures of cloth, or, to be more explicit, perforated designs in cloth, are greatly used. With a brighter tissue of colour underneath, these effects can be made very successful. For reception-dresses, mousseline-de-soie promises to continue in favour; both dark and light, incrustated with cut-out lace and embroidery, or Valenciennes lace treated in Greek borders, chevrons, or even the bow design with which we are already sufficiently familiar. But, so far, of course, such elaborations are confined to the Riviera. The tunic, or overcoat—as it has been called of late—cut out of Mechlin or Chantilly designs, is, however, the *haute nouveauté*, and very charming these look when made up over bright-coloured silk—for, with our present skin-tight fashion of wearing everything, the patterns show to admiration, as lace never can satisfactorily when it is gathered on in full pleats



[Copyright.]

AN EMBROIDERED VELVET TEA-GOWN.

or flounces. It is, indeed, a lace season *par excellence*, and all kinds of real lace are again coming into prominent favour, so that a legitimate and too long languishing industry will receive considerable support at the hands of lovely woman once more.

Instead of the blouses with which we have long comforted our souls and selves, the reign of short, open-fronted outdoor-jackets will give an immense impetus to the blouse corsage, as it is euphemistically called in Paris, or the "front," as our more direct vernacular is content to term it. Small, smart jackets of beige-coloured cloth are, as I think I have lately remarked, the last cry of our *plein air* altogether in the city whence all last cries emanate, and with these very elaborate arrangements of lace, mousseline-de-soie, silk, and chiffon variously are an inevitable necessity. The extravagant prices to which these frivolous and apparently trifling last touches of the toilette arrive when hailing from the best shops are sufficient to make the country cousin or the mere man gape widely with surprise. I have had in my hand little fronts of intricate and dexterous arrangement whose figures mounted to ten guineas and over. But, as a matter of fact, excellent effects can be arrived at with a tenth of that amount, bringing taste and the right colours

to bear. One of half-a-dozen fronts ordered with a beige-cloth jacket from Félix is, for instance, of lemon-coloured mousseline-de-soie over lavender satin. Four lines of ivory guipure, cut out in an undulated, irregular pattern, are laid on, over-sewn, and bordered with silver and jet sequins. White taffetas, covered with crimson chiffon embroidered in black silk spots, was another successful arrangement, and another and a lovely was of black mousseline spotted with white over yellow net, underneath which bright turquoise satin glimmered through. Cascades of white or pale-tinted mousseline-de-soie, made up with real lace in the form of Louis Quinze bows, are again most enticing finishing touches to the smart spring costume. In all their neck arrangements Frenchwomen are, in fact, much more *au fait* than we, who, though greatly gone forward in the past dozen years, are still in a state of emergence. Also in the matter of boots, gloves, and petticoats, the artistic tidiness of the French is an ever-present lesson for her who observantly patrols the streets of their delightful capital. It may, in fact, be said of us, largely speaking, that we have arrived at the grand effect, but not quite at the finest details. These latter are expensive in either money or in a combination of time and taste. If we cannot encompass them through the first-named medium, we should, at all costs, do so by the second—never otherwise shall we arrive at the French standard of complete perfection, which is as much the result of diligence and that orderliness for which, as a people, they are so remarkable, as any other reason. I have in my mind's eye as I speak a vision of several well-dressed and well-off women who, when you meet them in a round of morning shopping, are inevitably wearing old gloves or frilling with the bloom off, a veil which has given way under hard usage, or, in fact, who are the victims of incompleteness in some one detail which sends an observant acquaintance sorrowing or smiling away, according to the natural sympathy or cynicism of her disposition.

The Crown Princess Marie of Roumania has ordered most of her mourning in Paris, and one of the dresses to be worn at dinner is an extremely beautiful arrangement of mousseline-de-soie over soft black silk, and with an over-dress, or, more properly, a tunic, of guipure. The skirt, completely adjusted to the figure till it reaches the knees, widens into a long train. Two wide frilled flounces of mousseline-de-soie practically compose this skirt, and the lace tunic, which comprises bodice and sleeves as well, rounds off in a short apron in front and descends into a long point at back. Straps of black velvet keep the dress in place on the shoulders, and the long sleeves begin with a pouf lower down. This is the last form of frock as exploited by a king of Paris modes. All kinds of lace, from rich Venetian guipure to skilful imitations of the real thing, are used for these lace over-dresses, which made in a kind of redingote fashion are newest—that is, rounded in the centre of front like an apron, cut up at both sides, and curving into an oval or swallow-tail at back, where they are longer than in front. They form one of the prettiest of all present fashions, and are not cheap by any means—a qualification that will not detract from their merits with well-dressed women, who will forgive everything in a mode except its cheap imitation.

There seems more or less a uniformity in the present shape of toques, the wide, flat biretta-shape being that most becoming and most in favour. It is usually made in soft folds, skilfully twisted, of two shades in mousseline, silk, or tulle, with a couple of Bird-of-Paradise aigrettes, one fixed upright and the other falling over the left side. Of other shapes there is great diversity, but the drooped brim is giving way to more picturesque purposes, and ostrich-plumes are beginning to regain their perpendicular.

Simultaneously with the very décolletée fashion that at present prevails in evening-frocks, we have an invasion of skin-washes for making white the skin of lovely woman. Each makes claims that his own especial nostrum spells perfection, but Paris is following to a woman in the wake of a certain "professor" whose "liquid powder," save the mark, more closely than all others imitates the marble hue of Dame Nature herself. Dresses, by the way, are still descending lower and still more low off the neck and shoulders, and I sat in the stalls of Her Majesty's two evenings since behind a very fashionable dame whose anatomy was so lavishly displayed, and whose frock was, moreover, so slenderly upheld by two single strings of beads, that I was distracted between my absorption in the play and an ever-present dread lest she should sneeze. What would have happened if she had, I recoil from contemplating. To complete my impression of this good lady—who was, indeed, a mirror of the latest form—I must detail her frock, which she, later on, carried past me at Prince's, where she and I with our parties had severally gone on to supper. Rigidly *en Princesse*, and as tight as it could be, this lavender crêpe-de-Chine had a skirt composed of three false tunics, one over the other. The lowest opened over a wide flounce of magnificent lace; wide insertions of mauve, silver, and black spangles on net trimmed the three tunics and heart-shaped corsage. A wreath of Neapolitan violets was worn in the hair, and narrow trails of the same little flower bordered the décolletage. A curious and a costly, but not, I thought, a very alluring, frock. The beauty of the over-trimmed, cut-up skirt one is indeed slow to see, but, as we shall have to live with them certainly for some seasons to come, it behoves one to train one's affections in the way they should go.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

ANNETTE.—(1) Have you tried "Rowlands' Odonto"? It restores the colour of the teeth more successfully than any other dentifrice I know. (2) I have seen the advertisements in question, but know nothing of the treatment. I will, however, write and make inquiries.

SYBIL.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on March 8.*

## THE MARKETS.

The sudden death of the President of the French Republic brought home to everybody a sense of the dangers to which the Stock Markets are subject, and on Friday morning there was at the opening quite a stampede in things like Spanish, Tintos, and Kaffirs, for on this side there were not a few people who took a gloomy view of the chances of a quiet succession; but in Paris the position was more accurately judged, so what might easily have developed into a scare very soon became something like a "bull" point, and it really seems as if President Faure's death may, after all, turn out by no means an unmixed evil for France.

The gambling spirit which was so noticeable a couple of weeks ago has for the moment died out, but there is a good bit of steady and good-class investment business going on, in which the public is taking a hand.

The last account was very large, but the coming one will be quite a reasonable affair compared with it. The returns from the Bankers' Clearing House, which are a good indication of the mass of business doing in Capel Court, show a total of £233,119,000 for the week ending the 15th inst., and on the last Settling Day the enormous figure of £82,210,000 was reached, beating all previous records.

Our portrait this week is that of Mr. C. R. Moore, whose able financial editorship of the *Daily Telegraph* has done a great deal to add to the popularity and importance of the great Lawsonian daily.



MR. C. R. MOORE.

*Photo by Emberson, Regent Street, W.*

There has been a tendency to support

new issues, and, in the face of much hostile Press criticism, the Day and Martin promotion easily got itself over-subscribed. Barnum and Bailey's "Greatest Show on Earth" has produced a good bit of gambling, the shares being freely dealt in at 30s., or a premium of 5s. over the issue price. The concern is rather like a gold-mine, which *may* pay cent. per cent., or may—well, not pan out quite so well. The Millwall Dock scandal we deal with further on, but it is curious that it should follow so closely on the South-Eastern Railway dividend "mistake," and be followed by a confession of bad auditing in the case of Robert Campbell and Sons, Limited. All three concerns are of the steady-going kind from which such mistakes are not generally expected.

## YANKEES.

Almost the only department in the Stock Exchange which escaped a sharp fall immediately after the French President's death was the American Railway Market. Here prices had been inclined to flatness for some days, the superfluity of weather in the States being a factor which the market hardly knew how to discount. It was thought that Wall Street would turn a seller at the prospect of diminished traffics as a consequence of the snowstorm, and, indeed, the Americans are showing little disposition to support their playthings, with the exception of a few specialities, such as Central Pacifics and Milwaukee. The latter are once more being taken in hand by the buying brigade upon what are called dividend hopes, but no one on this side of the Atlantic knows anything about what the distribution is likely to be, and we should be chary of building too much upon hopes dangled out by the wily Yankee operator.

Central Pacifics have commemorated February by rising to the highest price which they have ever touched in this country, and the Amsterdam clique, who usually control the market, seem to be anxious to obtain repossession of their stock. Some little business is being done in the shares of the Pacific lines, but, otherwise, business in London is very quiet indeed, and prices are resting after their sustained rise. It is a little curious that Erie First Preference shares have not shared in last year's advance to any extent, but, as we have pointed out before, there seems to be a blight upon the securities of this once popular "Coaler" line. The man who can afford to put away Erie Firsts—they now stand about 40—will very likely "come home" on his purchase in a year or two's time. Vague rumours of dividend are heard from time to time; but we do not think they go for much, and merely mention the shares for the consideration of the speculative investor. The rise in Canadian Pacifics is only what readers of *The Sketch* were expecting, and we consider the shares are good for 95. Taking the market as a whole, the boom-fever is apparently

exhausted for the time being, and, while the convalescent stage is being so quietly passed, it might be just as well for "bulls" with profits to ask themselves whether there are any substantial grounds for a still higher flight of prices in the spring.

## THE KAFFIR MARKET.

In a gilded chamber of the Elysée, the calm restfulness of death; in the London Stock Exchange, the wild excitement of a momentary panic, a mad whirl of eager sellers. Verily cause and effect produce some vivid contrasts, and this was one of the sharpest that the Kaffir Market has seen for many a long day. Dealers in South Africans assembled early on last memorable Friday; there was not one who did not tremble for the shares of which he was a "bull," but it was too late for "bear" operations. Every share in the Kaffir list was lowered as noiselessly as the flag at the Mansion House, and the country wires that poured into brokers' offices ordering sales at prices ruling on the previous night were all swiftly marked "imprac." The natives of Gaul in the Kaffir Circus—who in common with all foreigners have to become naturalised Englishmen before obtaining admittance to the Stock Exchange—were the recipients of many an expression of condolence for the land of their birth, and a large majority of the House donned the complimentary mourning of tie and hat-band.

Fully determining that Paris would send over orders to sell, each interbourse share was made the particular object of ursine attack; but, as contrary to expectation as a Grand Trunk traffic, the French capital telephoned very few realising messages, and, as the blue-slipped telegrams began to circulate, it was noticed that the "French" brokers were quietly buying. Hence the *volte-face* which occurred, gathering up the fractions shed by all classes of South Africans in their earlier descent. Hence the comparatively trifling loss shown in the Kaffir Circus at the end of the day following M. Faure's tragic death. Shrewd men said the slump was largely helped by alarmist talk emanating from the same quarters as had produced the plague in Johannesburg on the previous day, and there is little doubt that the opportunity for getting cheap stock was eagerly embraced by people quite distinct from the optimists. Many of the latter, indeed, threw away their stock in a panic, an operation which admirably suited the books of the "bears."

Writing several days before these lines will be scanned by our readers, it is almost impossible to outline any advice, since its value is likely to be rendered useless by events which happen between now and next Wednesday. But one course it is safe to pursue, and that is, to keep the best Gold shares until the present anxiety be past, and prices begin to move upwards again. So far as East Rands, Goldfields, and other speculative shares are concerned, so much depends upon the daily, the hourly, developments of the French political situation, that only a keen student of every change can reasonably hope to make money by dealing in them at the present time.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

Men may come and men may go, but "booms" go on for ever—intermittently, of course, but, taking the years all through, pretty regularly on the whole. The first six weeks of the century's penultimate year will live long in the affectionate remembrance of brokers and jobbers who earn their daily crust by attendance upon either the Kaffir or American departments of the House. A dealer in Americans told me last Settling Day that he had never had such a good Account in his life. A firm of brokers in the Kaffir Circus made more money in the early days of February than they did during the whole of last year. Such a state of things means a good deal of work, you know, and cabs on settling-nights command big premiums. I overheard one belated member ask a cabby the fare to Richmond about two o'clock in the morning. "What Jehu said I did not catch, but guessed his reply from the meek assertion of the would-be fare that he didn't want to *buy* the cab; he merely wished to get home. The pressure of work has been so great that even the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society's dinner the other night suffered in point of numbers, but the refreshment places round the House are doing "booming" business, and if only the Aërated Bread Company had been controlled by a financial mining group, the shop in Throgmorton Street would have been floated as a subsidiary like a shot upon the strength of its splendid profits.

But it would be absurd to expect Kaffirs to boom for more than three or four weeks at a stretch, and so the "bears" hit upon the highly original idea of starting a plague in the Transvaal. Now, a South African plague comes with pleasing novelty after all the old "bear" points we have got so tired of, and the "bear" who transferred the Colar field plague to the South African Market was almost entitled to a little profit for introducing a new element into the illicit liquor traffic, amalgam thefts, and dynamite monopoly stock-pot of a chronic "bear." Swiftly fell the prices as the rumour spread to Paris and returned with added force, plus substantial selling orders. A plague of inquisitiveness broke out much about the same time in the market itself, but none could give any satisfactory answer to the eager questions that buzzed through the air. The weaker "bulls" dashed off to secure what profits still remained to them, and the stronger ones showed little disposition to support a crumbling market. Again has the demon of suspicion found its way into House circles, and it is pretty certain that, if the step is likely to be effective, two gentlemen in the Kaffir Market will probably find some opposition to their re-election next month. One of the men is an old "lame-duck": hammer him the market scarcely dare, because of the large amount of stock which would have to come out for realisation, yet the presence of such people is a continual menace to safe business, and it is surprising, under the circumstances, that other members will deal at all with anybody possessing so unenviable a reputation.

Consols are once more on the upward tack, and, provided that money keeps cheap, are likely to again see 112 before long. The financial situation in New York is causing a little anxiety among the money-lenders here, since the present abundance of floating cash in the snow-logged city is not likely to be in evidence very much longer. Victoria placed her 3 per cent. loan at a couple of shillings over the minimum price of 95, and, as I write, this is about the cheapest Colonial to buy. Western Australia, New Zealand, Victoria, and Natal have so successfully placed their recent issues that it would be rather surprising if some of the other Colonies, especially Australian, are able to resist the temptation of taking advantage of the present tide. Queensland, did I hear someone whisper?



The Grand Trunk Market is revivifying, and there seems life in the old dog yet. Firsts are still a good deal fancied in the market, but, as their merit is calculated entirely upon the presumption that they will receive their full 5 per cent. dividend next time, it is clear that a purchase now, with very few traffic returns to guide one, and with a recent blizzard to take into consideration as well, is about as speculative a deal as can be imagined outside the pale of mining ventures and Yankees. The latter stocks seem to be resting upon their oars after the boom, but an attempt will probably be made to get London to buy back some of the stock it has been so lavishly sending across the Atlantic for the past month or two. Canadian Pacific blossomed into considerable favour during the week, and their rise was dogged by Central Pacific. New York advices say that 60 will not be the limit of the rise accomplished by "C.P.'s," and, of course, the price is pretty sure to be kept up during the awkward time when reconstruction hangs in the balance. Those who have a decent profit, however, should not follow the rise too far. The recent stress of weather in the States is likely to find a reflex in diminished railway receipts for a time, at all events, and it might pay to sell Yankees upon any sharp rise, with a view to getting them back cheaper a little later on. THE HOUSE-HAUNTER.

#### THE MILLWALL DOCK SCANDAL.

To be preserved from their directors must be the fervent prayer of Millwall Dock proprietors who saw their Ordinary stock suddenly flop from 57 to 30 upon the issue of the extraordinary circular last week. It certainly is rather startling to learn that the dividends for the last few years have been paid out of goodness only knows what, and even the company's friends are asking whether the Ordinary stock is worth the 37 per cent. at which it now stands. For the first half of 1898 2 per cent. was paid, and in 1897 the dividend for the whole year came to 2½ per cent., a similar rate to that distributed in 1896. Turning to the last two reports issued by the company, we find some interesting tables setting out the net receipts for the four previous half-years, and, in the light of current events, the truth of the adage about figures being even more misleading than facts has again been triumphantly vindicated. Look at these "Net Receipts"—

For the half-year ending	Dec. 31, 1896	...	...	£46,023
"	June 30, 1897	...	...	41,637
"	Dec. 31, 1897	...	...	46,408
"	June 30, 1898	...	...	42,363

These sums were, of course, more than sufficient (on paper) to provide for the dividends on the Ordinary stocks as above, after payment of the Debenture and Preference interest.

The report of the directors, which has just been issued, makes no attempt at hiding the full facts. The accounts have been falsified for a number of years, state the directors, and the Chairman, Mr. Birt, whose connection with the company extended over thirty years, absconded on the eve of the issue of the report. All the mischief lies in one single item, which in the balance-sheet is called "Import and export rates and rents on goods and shipping due to the company," which grew from £22,280 in 1870 to over ten times that amount last year. The books containing the accounts were, it now appears, fictitious as regards the charges outstanding inserted in them. Deplorable as the scandal is, it may have the effect of making shareholders generally take a more intelligent interest in the affairs of their companies than they do now.

#### LORD RUSSELL ON COMPANY PROMOTING.

The Lord Chief Justice has again been airing his views on company promoting and company legislation, amid a universal chorus of Press approval. The learned Chief Justice, when in practice at the Bar, had not the class of business which brought company matters very prominently before him, but since he has been on the Bench he has tried some very bad examples of company fraud, which have, to a great extent, warped his judgment, and filled him with the belief that every company is a swindle. That reform of the law relating to joint-stock companies is required, we have over and over again insisted, but the matter is not by any means as easy to deal with as Lord Russell professes to think. It is, we know, effective from a picturesque point of view to exclaim, "No honest man need be afraid of an Act of Parliament!"; and such catch-phrases fill the breast of Mr. A. J. Wilson with rapturous delight; but if the Act of Parliament in question is going to make the director financially liable for an error of judgment in the management of, perhaps, a complicated and intricate manufacturing business, we can assure the Lord Chief Justice that it will be a terror to many honest men. Suppose, for example, a board of a milling company buys heavily in anticipation of a rise in wheat, but the market goes the other way, and a big loss is made, can any reasonable person suggest that such directors ought to run the risk of having an action brought against them for not exercising proper diligence in the management of the company's affairs? Attack fraud by every means, make the taking of commissions or secret profits by directors and others an offence both criminal and civil; and, above all, make it an offence to offer or give a secret commission, as well as to receive one.

#### THE CORDOBA CENTRAL RAILWAY.

We are very glad that the negotiations between the Cordoba Central Railway and the Argentine Government have at last been brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

The company is to receive £1,587,301 4 per cent. bonds in respect of the guarantee attached to the Central Northern section, and is freed from all liability to repay or account to the Argentine Government for any money or bonds received under the guarantee. The railway gains other advantages under the agreement, such as the right to control the traffic tariff until the net earnings exceed 10 per cent. on the capital expended upon the Central Northern section, and the right to import

duty free all materials for the line. The directors propose to set aside £150,000 for a reserve fund, and to use part of the balance to pay 10 per cent. for arrears of interest to the income-debenture holders. The remainder will be divided into six and a-half equal parts, and be realised from year to year, the proceeds being carried to the net revenue account of the Central Northern section. Upon the whole, this arrangement appears to us equitable, for the guarantee has six and a-half years to run and the income-debenture holders are entitled to the use of the corpus of the fund to make good their interest during such time. However admirable a thing it would have been to keep the fund intact for all time and use the interest only, it would not have been just to the present bondholders to starve them for the benefit of posterity.

#### NEW ISSUES.

Barnum and Bailey, Limited, is a company formed for the purpose of taking over the famous "Greatest Show on Earth," now running at Olympia. The capital is £400,000, all in Ordinary shares of £1 each, of which 266,667 are now offered to a speculative public at 25s. each, the vendors taking the balance at the same figure in part payment of the purchase money. Since the arrival of the show from America last autumn, the accountants certify that the profits have been £114,505 9s., of which the great bulk has been made out of the provincial tour. Of course, if such returns can be kept up, the shareholders will do well, but intending investors must not forget that this class of exhibition either makes a great deal of money or loses a great deal, and that an unsuccessful season would bring as big a disaster as a successful one would produce a corresponding profit. The shares are likely to prove attractive to people who can afford to hold this kind of property, but cannot be recommended to the careful investor who depends on his savings for his income. Mr. Bailey is his own promoter, so there are no intermediate profits, and none of the issue is underwritten.

The Brighton Aquarium and Winter Gardens, Limited.—The prospectus of this company, offering 50,000 shares of £1 each and £30,000 5 per cent. First Mortgage Debentures, is advertised in the papers, and we wish the enterprise every success; but any large public subscription appears a remote contingency. That the old Brighton Aquarium has not been a financial success all the world knows; that it can be made, in its reconstructed form, a payable enterprise is one of those doubtful propositions which may tempt a man with money already sunk in the enterprise, but does not seem attractive to the ordinary investor. The reasons given in the prospectus for the financial failure of the old concern are no doubt among the causes of its disaster, and one would think that, with a really attractive winter garden and good music, Brighton ought to be able to find ample visitors to fill the new building. If we had money in the old company, we should undoubtedly subscribe to the new to save ourselves, but we cannot honestly say that the prospectus is attractive enough to tempt money out of the pocket of an average investor.

Saturday, Feb. 18, 1899.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A. B.—(A) This concern floated one good company, but is not likely to float another. (B) No.

C. G.—The Debentures are issued by the Estates Realisation Board, the interest is guaranteed by the Bank of New Zealand, and both the principal and interest by the Government of New Zealand. You will find them quoted on page 250 of this week's *Investor's Review*, under the title of "N. Z. Assets Realisation Debentures."

H. W. E.—We wrote you fully on the 16th inst.

B. H. K.—If the shares were our own we should see the gamble out rather than take 2s. 6d. each. The remarks we made were the result of a conversation with one of the directors.

C. D.—Things do not look very "boomish" at this moment. Reitfontein, Salisbury, and Sheba are good mines; the others on your list are rubbish. If you want a gamble, we hear Thistle Consolidated at about 1s. 7½d. are worth buying; but be content with a small profit.

BALLAST.—(1) Very fair, but not first-class. (2) Yes. (3) Probably, but we have no special information. (4) Safer than No. 2—in fact, the very best English Bank share.

EVANS.—(1) Your railways are fairly safe, but quite high enough. (2) All your list is safe to pay interest. (3) Both Maple and Salt Debentures are as good as bank-notes.

F. G.—We wrote you fully on the 16th inst.

LEEDS.—It would not be decent of us to give an opinion on *Illustrated London News* and *Sketch* shares.

APIA.—See answer to "C. G."

NOTE.—Your shares are not bad speculations; but you should take reasonable profits, such as you name.

J. S.—We should hold. The mine is very "pockety," and some rich stuff might be found at any time.

J. C.—Your list is not bad, but hardly the sort of thing to put "the savings of a lifetime" into. If you were a rich man, you have nothing that you ought not to hold. We should not part with No. 2 at present, and, if you want 5 per cent., it is very difficult to get a better average lot. No. 9 is, of course, speculative, and you might take your profit on half. United States Brewing 6 per cent. Debentures and Industrial Trust Unified stock might be bought to spread your money a little more.

#### THE RISE IN THE PRICE OF DIAMONDS.

Diamonds have recently risen considerably in price, and experts in the diamond trade anticipate a further rise in the near future. Dealers with a keen eye to the markets, who foresaw this rise and purchased largely for cash, are consequently able to offer the very best quality of gems at the same price as before the advance. This policy, so much to the interest of the public, was pursued by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, whose stock of loose gems is the finest in the world. The company supply diamond ornaments to the public direct, thus saving the purchaser all intermediate profits. Their prices are from twenty-five to fifty per cent. below those charged by ordinary retail dealers.